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The Gentleman's Town Car

WHETHER on business or pleasure bent—in crowded city thoroughfares or to and from country club, golf links or suburban home—the *unfailing* service of this trim, aristocratic roadster will win your admiration.

It is the ideal automobile for men who demand an all-around Town Car. It is speedy, noiseless, clean, odorless. With it you can present a well-groomed appearance from morning until night—independent of a chauffeur. It is always ready. Nothing to do but go.

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Look—a Waterproof Silk Summer Hat

"The Harvard."—Something distinctly new—takes you away from the conventional straw. Light, stylish, serviceable. Of waterproof silk. In three colors: shepherd plaid; dark gray; light gray striped. You can buy "the Harvard" only of us. Stores will sell it NEXT YEAR at \$3 and more. We offer it PREPAID THIS SUMMER at \$2. Money back if you don't like it. Order now—simply state size and color and enclose \$2.

Write for 1912 Spring and Summer Style Book of Hats and Caps—FREE.
FRENCH CO., 36 S. 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Secrets of the Craft

I

Side remarks by Distinguished Author while composing the Novel of the Decade:

(a) "For Heaven's sake, Mary! Can't you stop that child crying without singing at the top of your voice? How is a man to get anywhere with all that noise going on!"

(b) "Yes, yes, yes, take the paste, take the shears, take the paper, take the ink, take the stamps, take anything but let me work in peace!"

(c) "Oh, if you say so, I suppose we must pay that fool call, but I do wish you'd remember that every minute taken out of my working day cuts down our income by just so much!"

II

From the Dedication Page of the completed Novel of the Decade:

To

MY WIFE, MARY,
without whose gentle inspiration, true companionship and constant helpfulness these pages would never have been written, I gratefully inscribe this book.

Arthur Guiterman.

A Boomerang of Criticism

Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, the president of the University of Virginia, tells this story, illustrating the importance of being careful in criticism:

"I knew of a certain instructor in rhetoric who always impressed upon his students the necessity of clarity in what they wrote. A young man brought on one occasion a very carefully prepared essay.



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Vacation Necessity!!

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—from its purity, its palatableness and its refreshing effect. It is satisfying. It "goes right to the spot" as a thirst quencher. It drowns the sizzle in the throat. That is the test—the water that is good for you is the water that satisfies, invigorates.

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LONDONDERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER CO.,

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"A good piece of work," said the instructor, "but, Mr. Smith, you should remember to write every sentence so that the most ignorant person can understand every word you put down."

The young man looked worried and asked anxiously:

"What part of my essay was not clear to you, professor?"—*Popular Magazine.*

A SPARTAN, on going to war, complained to his mother that his sword was rather too short. "Then get one step nearer," she said.



The Honeymoon Number of

Life

Which comes out next week, is full of honeymoons, including the one you took, the one you didn't take, the one you thought you took and the one you wanted to take. If you are an expert, and have been on more than one, so much better.

We invite the most careful inspection.

Ever Been on a Honeymoon?

Have you ever stepped from the deep obscurity which enveloped you during the wedding ceremony, into the broad glare of hotel lobbies and Pullman cars? Have you listened to dulcet murmurings en route, spent your money like a mine owner, gone without smoking for days and not known it, sat in a simmering dream of transcendent bliss—and then awakened?

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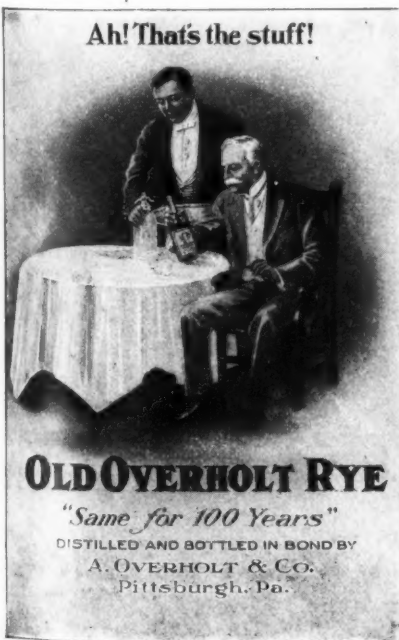
"ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS"

In the Literary Eye

Ruth Fishkill Templeton is easily the most promising of the younger crop of lady writers. The critics have been unanimous in praise of her latest work, "Things as They Are Not," which is highly compelling, epoch making and grips you with its intensity. As might be easily inferred from the title, Miss Templeton, who, by the way, has just turned thirty, but doesn't look a day over twenty-four, possesses a keen and pointed pen. And yet, there is about her well-rounded periods, a certain bluntness, almost a stubbornness, which stands her in good stead.

Miss Templeton's early life was not interesting until now, but as we look back upon the apparently colorless ex-

Ah! That's the stuff!



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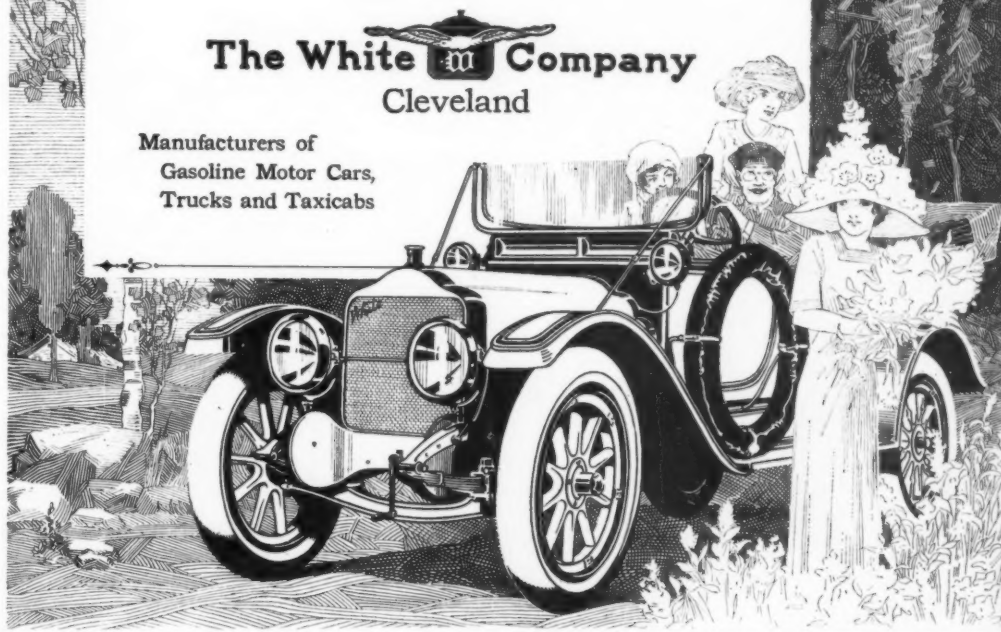
The realization of the car you would build for yourself is more than fulfilled in the White self-starting Six.

Its White electrical starting and lighting system, combined with the logical left-side drive, makes it possible for the first time in motor car history, to reach the driving seat, start and light the car without stepping into the roadway.

Carefully built and beautifully finished, a ride in this car will convince you that its design, for comfort, convenience and mechanical perfection is supreme in the art of motor car construction.

The White Company
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Manufacturers of
Gasoline Motor Cars,
Trucks and Taxicabs



istence which she led on one of the highest mountains of Tennessee, we realize that those very drab days were necessary to develop those peculiar latent powers with which she was endowed. Miss Templeton is now busy on a companion book, in the past tense, to be called "Things as They Were Not."

Honesty

"Could you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"I have never tried such rigid economy, sir."

The Influence of Clothes

HE: Did you ever observe what a difference clothes make on one's mind? Now, when I am in my riding togs, I'm all horse; when I have on my business suit my mind's full of business; when I get into my evening dress my mind takes a purely social turn.

SHE: And I suppose that when you take a bath your mind's an utter blank?

—Stray Stories.

"SHE cannot keep servants, can she?"
"No; nor husbands."



Masters of all kinds of roads, under every climatic condition, because of inbuilt, strain-resisting construction, and over-built, skid-preventing tread.

"Firestone"

NON-SKID TIRES

afford the height of secure motoring pleasure. The secret lies in the name "Non-Skid" vulcanized on regular "Firestone" tread.

The "Firestone" is the original, the one absolute skid-proof idea, perfectly developed by the undisputed leaders in tire construction. In whatever direction a skid may start, the car equipped with "Non-Skid" tires, is firmly held to the road by some of the many sharp edges, angles, curves and vacuum-creating hollows of the name-tread.

Experienced motorists everywhere know that "Firestone" Non-Skid Tires, mounted on "Firestone" Quick-Detachable, Demountable Rims, is the one equipment that assures care-free security and

Most Miles Per Dollar

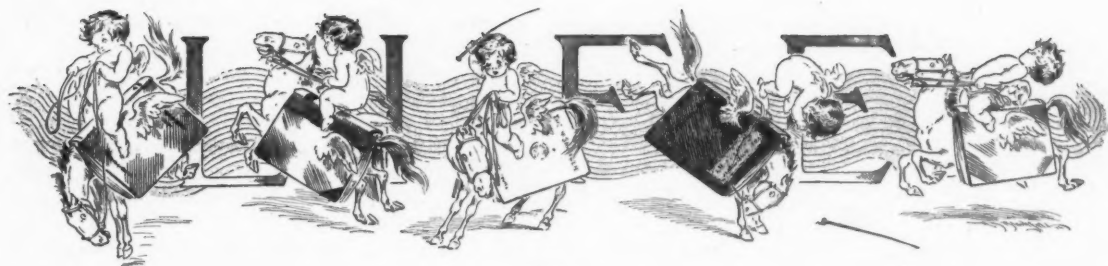
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THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

"America's Largest Tire and Rim Makers"

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Books

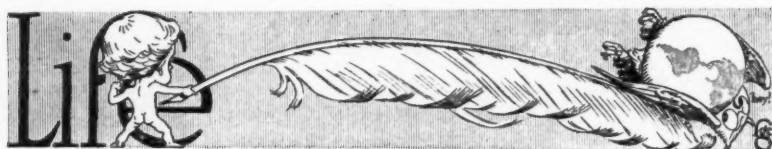
HAIL the Golden Age of books—
Myriad books!
With their plots of pretty heiresses, of
millionaires and crooks!
How they keep reviewers reading
At their pages day and night;

While the writers' pens are speeding,
And the publishers are needing
Everything that they can write
That will sell, sell, sell,
Though no human being can tell

What will catch the Reading Public's
fickle fancy as he looks
For the books, books, books, books,
books, books, books,
For the ever gaining entertaining books.
George B. Staff.



FICTION AND FACT



"While there is Life there's Hope"



MR. TAFT didn't get a look-in in New Jersey; not a delegate, anopheles or the other kind. These be strange times. If the presidency of

Yale College were conferred on the instalment plan, like the Presidency of the United States, and this was the year to shift, and it was primary day in New Haven, we would back Owen Johnson against A. T. Hadley three to one. Owen has the popular ear, his song-and-dance is acceptable, he is making a glorious fight for the rights of man and is right up abreast of the issues of the day and going strong. If the Yale electorate felt about Yale things as the Republican primary voters seem to feel about political things, Owen would get at least two-thirds of the votes, and the pieces of Dr. Hadley would be taken home in a basket.

Well; wouldn't they? Doesn't Dr. Hadley represent the machine; the machine that is responsible for tap-day, Bones, the present Yale depression in aquatics, all that Yale ought not be, but is—should not have done, but did? "Have at him!" "Hit him!" "Do him up!" "Johnson and liberty!" and Owen would get all the delegates except the deaf and the insensible.

And very likely would make a popular President, and a perfectly safe one. so far as tap-day and the mausoleums and other sacred institutions of Yale are concerned.



QUEER times; very queer. But rather smiling times in many details. It is to laugh, for example, when one contemplates some of the crowds that are out to save the country, and notes them individually, and

recalls their records; this that ploughed with So-and-So, that that reaped with Such-a-One, that other, who is a captain of janissaries for Uncle John D., and so on and so on. All these patriots talk good sense, but one smiles to hear them, and wants to say "Go put it back!"

A great deal of character has been cashed in in this country in the last thirty years. It brought a good price and the money is still amongst us, but we miss the character. There seems to be such a dearth of strength. Roosevelt may be the reincarnation of Apollyon or Beelzebub, but, anyway, the incarnation was a pretty job. What is attractive about him, what catches the people, is manhood. He is not drink sodden, money sodden, or respectability sodden; his activities are enormous, his private life is admirable, his interests are mental interests. He has charm, he has manners, he has experience of men and of life. He is altogether a wonderful person, and makes all the other politicians in the country look like gingerbread soldiers. For our part, we value him very highly, and believe that he was given us for our good. The great benefit we may hope to get from him is the development of virility in men opposed to him. If we cannot wallop him, let him wallop us. It may do us good. But if we are to wallop him, we must develop considerable earnestness, and some character, and some unselfish patriotism, and there must be a getting together of like-minded men, who believe in their beliefs and care for truth and civilization.

And if it should turn out that he is cast for the part of Napoleon, we must make shift to dig out a Wellington somewhere, for certainly we owe him some kind of a real fight. We could get a Wellington—we have all kinds of men in our country's stock; but how could we give him the necessary advertisement? That is the

rub, the dreadful rub, of it. A man to catch the current crowd must be, it seems, a mixture of Marcelline and Julius Caesar, and capable of incessant appearances in each part. The great advertisement comes by war, but that comes high, and if we got it Roosevelt would hog the whole show-end of it as he did in Cuba.



WHAT bug is it that has bitten the world? It is worth while remembering how very general its ailment is. We have no more than our share of it. We could almost think it was the automobile that had bewitched mankind, and made the cost of living high and bred discontent in all the trolley-hauled and foot-going people. The automobile is too good. It takes too much resolution to go without it. And look what it did in these primaries! Is it possible that the automobile needs regulation more than the trusts do? Behold the money that is spent on things that neither feed nor clothe, nor shelter people! Consider what is spent for advertisement; for our enormous supply of newspapers; in going to Europe to play all summer; in moving the whole retail business of New York about a mile uptown for no reason in particular, except to make one area of land worth more and another less. This last has been a prodigious expense. And, on top of everything, the supply of gold is increasing so fast that that is likely to be a matter of discussion and legislation again soon. An enormous part of the labor of mankind seems to have been diverted in the last twenty years from the production of necessities to the production of luxuries, and now necessities are high, and all manner of people feel the pinch of prices and strike out blindly to ease it. What

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they need, no doubt, is an economist, but no matter what their complaint or cry is, Roosevelt answers, "I am your man!" and many of them turn to him.

So far as we know, he stands for no definite policy on any subject, but simply for personal government. Some people have wanted relief and others change. Some wanted tariff reduction, and could not get it because the interests against it were too strong and Taft would not strike while the iron was hot. Some saw imperfections and stupidities in the courts and lost faith in them. Some have wanted relief from the trusts and have not had it yet, though Taft has tried to get it. "I am your man," cries Roosevelt, to all of them. They don't know what they want, but Roosevelt is a man, and a man looks good to them.

That is human nature. What "the people" always want most is a man, and when need presses they take the one most in sight. Mr. Roosevelt is again much more in sight than anyone else, and they are quite likely to take him unless some one is found who can make a successful rival exhibition.



MR. TAFT can't. That's sure. Mr. Taft's great value just now is to stand as an example of the kind of public servant that Theodore Roosevelt considered great, and conferred upon the people as the one best suited to their needs. As we write, it looks as though Mr. Roosevelt would be chosen at Chicago without any trouble. Nevertheless, we must not forget Mr. Taft. We must remember him, not only because he is President, but because he is one of the great living illustrations of Mr. Roosevelt. Look at him! He was just the kind of man that Mr. Roosevelt, in office, needed to have about him. He was able, amiable and plastic. Do you remember the incident of the discharge of the negro soldiers at Brownsville, when Taft demurred



DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE CALLED ME?"

in Roosevelt's absence and Roosevelt came home and overruled his scruples, and had the negroes fired? Taft was right, but had not the grit to stand up for his opinion. There was a chance for him to stand off and quit his job, but, as he looked at it, his decision had merely been overruled by a higher court.

The same man fumbled the Ballinger case and allowed Charles Crane to be called back on his way to China and humiliated. That was the man who was a perfect lieutenant for Roosevelt, and was candied over by him with laudations and endearments. Look at him, you young Progressive gentlemen! Look at him hard! That is about as much of a man as can develop in Mr. Roosevelt's atmosphere. It is a good atmosphere for helpers, but a bad one for the development of considerable characters.

That is curious and interesting. It is something that was not true of Washington or Lincoln or Cleveland. Nor even, perhaps, of Jackson. The

reason of it is not that Mr. Roosevelt is overbearing, or inconsiderate, or obviously selfish. On the contrary, he is a gentleman, and he holds suitable people in his service largely by their affections. But his intense and extremely active personality naturally takes up all the room, and absorbs his attendants. Think of Harry Stimson running for Governor with Roosevelt on the stump for him! Of course, Stimson was lost in the crush. Think of the venerable Dr. Lyman Abbott in the office of the *Outlook*, lending his benign countenance to the theory of the third cup of coffee. We agree with Dr. Abbott about the German beer. It is better than American beer, and agrees better with a discriminating inside. But, as to the third cup of coffee, why, Dr. Abbott had ceased to think. There was not room in the *Outlook* office, after Mr. Roosevelt had been there two years, for anyone to think sanely and independently on important matters connected with Mr. Roosevelt's political aspirations, on which he found it necessary to think otherwise. Dr. Abbott has been Mr. Roosevelt's partner for two years, and politically is now absorbed. He must now think with Mr. Roosevelt's mind, and may as well prepare himself to make some sharp turns.



REMARK Dr. Abbott, you good young Progressive gentlemen who are out with Roosevelt. You, too, must prepare to think with his mind and to make quick turns. If he goes in, you will go in. All of Mr. Roosevelt's old crowd are at outs with him. You will take their places. But you will not be engaged as statesmen advising with their chief, but more as soldiers executing the strategies of their commander—a remarkable commander, to be sure; but if you think you know where he will lead you, you know more than he does, or anyone else. But where he leads you, there you will go. He has gone a long, long ways since 1904.

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1911, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-five years. In that time it has expended \$133,340.25 and has given a fortnight in the country to 33,737 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,986.79
G. P. M.....	10.00
H. H. Clapp.....	5.70
G. P.....	20.00
J. B. Chaffey.....	5.75

\$3,028.24

The Price of Newspapers

GEN. HARRISON GRAY OTIS says that our newspapers at present are on an unsound basis, both morally and physically, because they are obliged to pay more for their paper than they can sell it for when it is printed. Thus they come to depend upon their advertising to make enough profit to cover the losses on their circulation, and General Otis declares that this is not as it should be.

On this basis the one cent daily paper is an unmoral thing. It means that the editor leans too much upon his advertisers; and the inference, of course, is that he must be more or less controlled by his advertisers. Furthermore, as advertising is placed more and more under the control of the interests, our newspapers would, therefore, have a tendency to become more continually restricted in their power



HIS TWO AMBITIONS



GOLF NOTE ILLUSTRATED

"MR. DRIVER WENT TO PIECES ON THE EIGHTEENTH GREEN"

for telling the actual truth. By charging enough for the paper so that a profit may be made independently of the advertising, the assumption is that the editor will thus be placed upon a more independent basis. Well! Well! But would he?

GET an enthusiasm. You can't be enthusiastic and unhappy at the same time.

The Song

I SANG a little song one day,
But no one stopped to hear.
My heart was very happy, so,
I sang it loud and clear.

Another day they bade me sing,
And I could but depart.
Alas, there is no music,
Save music in the heart!

Leolyn Louise Everett.



THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE
THE POOR AND THE RICH



LUCKY

Miss Rabbit: DON'T DESPAIR, MR. BUNNY; FATHER DID IT
WITH HIS LEFT FOOT

"Baseless Charge"

WHY call it a "baseless charge"? The word "charge" implies something discreditable. Why is Dr. Hideyo Noguchi so sensitive? It appears that certain prominent New Yorkers accused this doctor of inoculating 146 persons with a virulent blood disease. The accusation is hotly denied.

Why deny a deed that helps the cause of science?

This "researcher," at the Rockefeller Institute, by injecting diseases into mice or monkeys, probably discovered something that he tries to believe will cure a human ailment. How can he verify it until tried, not on one, but on many humans? And to what better use could be put a fatherless child? The maternity hospitals furnish rich material and 'tis a short step from monkeys to babies. The welfare of the human race is of far more importance than quite a number of hospital patients.

Have the courage of your convictions, Dr. Hideyo Noguchi. Do not be swayed by a silly public sentiment.



SWEET DREAMS

WILDAKERS VISITS NEW YORK, AND, AFTER A LONG DRIVE IN HIS SON-IN-LAW'S CAR, ENJOYS A NIGHT'S REST

This Number



IT has been recently proposed in England that a censorship be established for books as well as for theatrical productions, with the idea, presumably, of eliminating anything that may be meretricious.

We do not think that a censorship of this kind is necessary. What we would suggest is that each person in the nation be limited to a certain number of volumes, unless under some extraordinary condition. No person, even in good health, should write more than one book a year. If this rule were adhered to there might be some chance of devoting a number of *LIFE* like the present one to giving a fair idea of the principal books

to be published. At present the book industry is about the only one that has not been investigated, probably because the authors have never formed themselves into a trust. A million authors, each one working for himself on a competitive basis, can do more damage than if they were consolidated, because there is really no chance to get at them except to take up each individual case.

Our natural resources ought to be considered. The amount of paper pulp that is used in this country in the production of novels is appalling. When you add to this

the ink, and the labor of printing and binding, the results would shock almost any self-respecting patriot.

The most dreadful part of the whole business is that the industry is really kept upon its feet by the fact that the public is constantly living in hopes that something new will be written. Nothing new has been written up to date. We know that in the nature of things nothing new will be written, and yet authors continue to flood the market with stories which are supposed to give an entirely new idea of human nature—to say nothing of plot.

It was Thoreau who said that once having discovered the motives which lay behind murders he thereafter refrained from reading accounts of murders in the papers, knowing that they were all alike.

A modern book is a combination of words, more or less hastily arranged around old ideas. If it be stated that literary art is in reality nothing but personality, and that it doesn't make any difference what a man writes about so long as he himself writes it, the answer lies in the fact that there are no longer any personalities.

The author may just as well be labeled by a number and schedule in a certain class, as, for example:

1. Erotic.
2. Detective.
3. Character, etc.

This being a book number, however, we are obliged to do something, if only to show that there are books still being published here. We have done the best that we could under the harrowing circumstances, but take no particular pride in it.



Lawyer: NOW, SIR; REMEMBER YOU ARE UNDER OATH, AND MUST TELL ME THE EXACT TRUTH. THIS YOUNG LADY, AT THE MOMENT YOU DESCRIBE, WAS SITTING ON YOUR LAP?

Witness (blushing): WELL, NOT EXACTLY, SIR; I WAS ON HERS.

Hints For Highbrows



THE chief difference between a Highbrow and a Lowbrow is that, while the latter cannot afford to be caught with the goods, the former cannot afford to be caught without them.

For the rest, they seem to be pretty similarly situated, since both are despised by the humdrum portion of the community, and both are secretly proud of the fact.

But the Lowbrow has an unfair advantage.

Because it is fatal for him to be caught with the goods on him, every pawnshop is supplied with a private entrance; while the wretched Highbrow, when he finds himself in danger from the opposite cause, will look in vain for surreptitious aid. Of course there are the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*, but to be seen consulting them is to plead guilty.

The following list ought to extricate many a poor devil from his difficulties. It directs you to reliable sources of supply. It has been carefully compiled. Its items have all been tried on the dog. And if you will consult it casually in a public place and grin appreciatively every now and again, everyone will think that it's a joke.

J. B. K.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, by A. Maurice Low. (*Houghton, Mifflin*.) The concluding volume of an interesting work which attempts to trace, psychologically, the creation of a new nationality from heterogeneous elements.

CHRISTOPHER, by Richard Price. (*Houghton, Mifflin*.) A leisurely, flavorsome and companionable story of the adolescence of a writer-to-be in England and France during the eighteen-seventies.

CREATIVE EVOLUTION, by Henri Bergson. (*Henry Holt*.) A much discussed but necessarily academic metaphysical speculation, built up upon a masterly and clarifying analysis of and differentiation between intelligence and instinct.

THE FOOL IN CHRIST, by Gerhart Hauptmann. (*E. B. Huebsch*.) A remarkable novel in which the religious mania of a contemporary German peasant is made to interpret both the humanity of Christ and the divinity of mankind.

THE GIRL THAT GOES WRONG, by Reginald Wright Kauffman. (*Moffat, Yard*.) Sixteen striking short stories constituting a sociologist's views upon the sources of supply of the white slave market.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, by Archibald Henderson. (*Brown's Book Store, Chicago*.) A biography in so far

Boswellian that its chief value lies in what its subject is reported as saying about himself and others.

HAIL AND FAREWELL, by George Moore. (*Appleton*.) An interpretation of present day Ireland, the raw material for which is drawn from the writer's own experiences.

HILDA LESSWAYS, by Arnold Bennett. (*Dutton*.) An original and interesting experiment in fiction. The story of the heroine of the author's novel, "Clayhanger," from her own point of view.

THE INDIAN LILY, by Herman Sudermann. (*E. B. Huebsch*.) Seven dour but distinctive stories; diagnoses of the eternal feminine, as pursued and pursuing.

THE IRON WOMAN, by Margaret Deland. (*Harper*.) An excellent story of contemporary American life.

JENNIE GERHARDT, by Theodore Dreiser. (*Harper*.) The story of a discredited life by a writer whose crudities of technique mar, but do not obliterate, the message of his understanding.

LAUGHTER, by Henri Bergson. (*Macmillan*.) An essay on the meaning of the comic, in which a writer with a genius for illuminating abstract thought by concrete analogies digs deep into human nature in words of one syllable.

LOVE'S COMING OF AGE, by Edward Carpenter. (*Mitchell Kennerley*.) Papers, practical and prophetic, on the relations of the sexes.

LOVE AND ETHICS, by Ellen Key. (*E. B. Huebsch*.) A controversial defense of her social iconoclasm by the author of "Love and Marriage."

MY LIFE, by Richard Wagner. (*Dodd, Mead*.) A verbal motion-picture of the seamy side of genius.

THE NEW DEMOCRACY, by Walter E. Weyl. (*Macmillan*.) Quizzing the past in order to question the future. A shrewd analysis of the origins of American democracy as a basis of inquiry into its future possibilities.

OSCAR WILDE, by Arthur Ransome. (*Mitchell Kennerley*.) A delightful and discriminating volume in which the principles of the "Critic as Artist" are put in practise.

ON THE ART OF THE THEATRE, by E. Gordon Craig. (*Brown's Book Store, Chicago*.) A collection of ill-coordinated papers by an inspired dreamer, who is occasionally extravagant and often hazy, but who gives us to think of a theatre of the future, where the stage manager will bear the same relation to his assistant actors as does a modern conductor to a modern orchestra.

THE PIGEON, by John Galsworthy. (*Scribner*.) A serio comedy admirably illuminable by a library lamp.

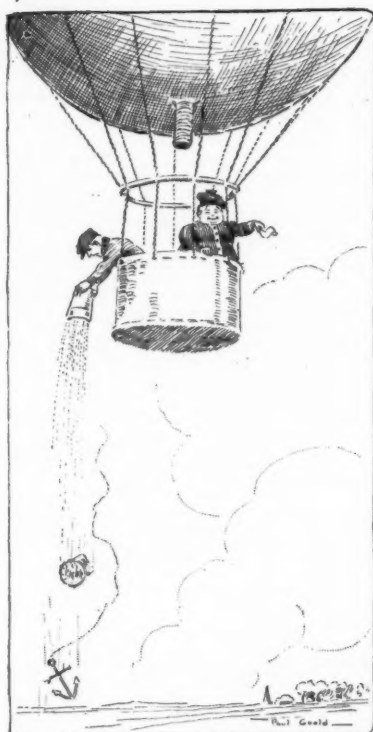
SOCIAL FORCES IN AMERICAN HISTORY, by A. M. Simons. (*Macmillan*.) The biology of our national development. A dynamic little book that places an old subject in a new light.

TANTE, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (*Century*.) A novel that deserves its place in this list in spite of its figuring among the fatal six.

THREE PLAYS, by Brieux. Tense, logical and forthright presentations of social problems, with an introduction by Shaw at his best.

Splendid News!

*The Whole Country Frantic with Joy Upon Announcement that
Life's Tour is Not Only Not Ended but Will Be Kept
Up Indefinitely—Celebrations Everywhere*



POPULAR NOVEL
"KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE"

The Seasons

A Plea

WHEN the world was white with blossoms,
All my heart began to sing
Joy of rapture, joy of passion,
"Tush," said I, "'tis just the spring!"

In the days of lavish splendor,
All my heart began to glow
With its dreaming, "'Tis but summer,"
I remarked, "that makes it so!"

When the leaves grew red and golden,
All my heart with love would burn,
"Tush," I said, "'tis autumn's beauty
Makes the silent spirit yearn!"

Coldest winter, saddest winter—
Shining ice on vale and hill—
Must I now pretend, my dearest,
I'm in love because it's chill?

L. L. E.

LIFE'S car is still plunging north. Carnegie, Baer, Flexner and Hitchcock are the guests.

There is no prospect of their ever returning.

Now that the fear is over and we are at last on a firm and respectable basis, we realize the chances we took.

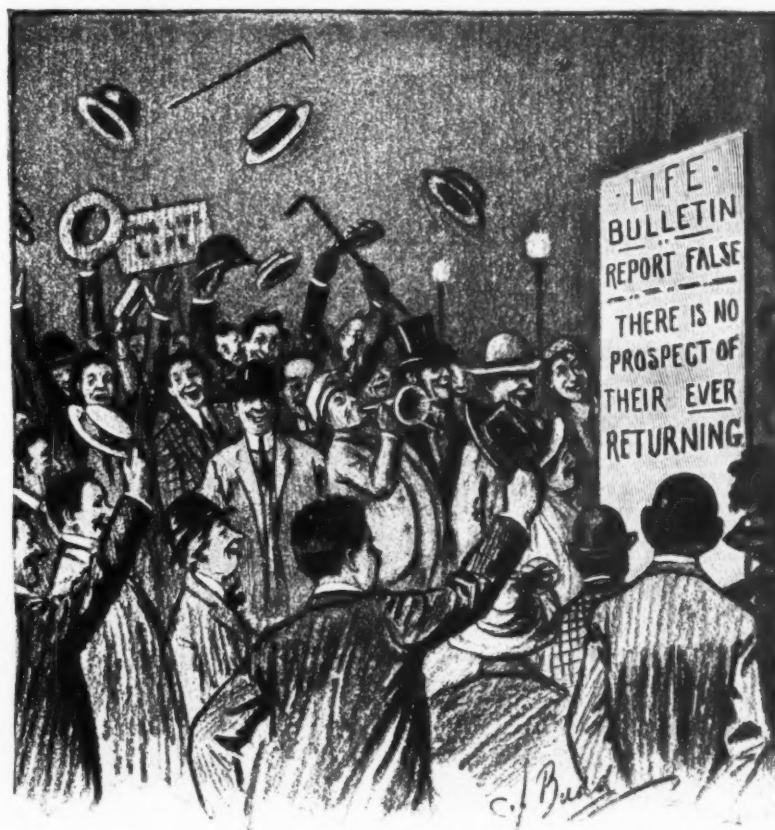
It was simply a question of how many friends George Baer and his companions had. This could only be determined by an actual test. If there had been an uprising in their favor, or if a rescuing party had assumed large enough proportions to warrant sending it out, things might have gone hard

with us. But the American people at heart are all right. Wall Street made a feeble demonstration and the Senate tried to do something about it. Also the Bankers' Union and the Custom House.

It was no use. The great American public was with us.

One day last week, when it was rumored that LIFE's car was returning, the excitement became so intense and there was so many riots that we had to issue bulletins saying that there was no truth in the report.

In the meantime all of our guests are well. Andrew Carnegie has been



"How the news was received"



"In sight of the North Pole"

supplied with a phonograph and a complete set of blank records. He spends half of the time in making donations to libraries and hearing himself talk, and the rest of the time in listening to what he has said. He is perfectly happy. The only miserable one is Baer.

"The fact that the coal mines of this country are no longer controlled by a small clique of God-fearing millionaires chills me to the bone!" he said this morning to Simon Flexner. "And would you believe it, poor women and children are actually buying coal as cheap as anybody else. God help us all! And I can't go back!"

Frank Hitchcock has tried to get into communication with the express companies by wireless, but without effect.

The parcels post is now assured.

This morning Dr. Flexner threw a complete set of dog-cutting instruments out of the window, together with eighty new recipes for serums and toxins he had thought out during the night.

"All hope is lost," he said as the car came in sight of the North Pole.

We have just received the following cablegram from King George:

LIFE,

New York:

Mary and I are rejoiced at your great success. With your guests permanently exiled, we see

no reason why the American republic should not persist for centuries to come.

On Sunday in every prominent church in the country will be sung that well-known hymn, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

In conclusion, we beg to state that nobody need have the slightest alarm. As long as that car and gasoline hold out we are safe.

Intimate Terms

LOUISE: Do you know Clara well?

JULIA: Do I? She lets me see her comb her hair.

To a Rhyming Dictionary

WELL-WORN classic of the coming
Poets of our generation;
Hand-book which, from frequent thumb-
ing,
Has succeeded in becoming
Poesy's contamination!

With thine aid the mystic sonnet
Needs no fiery conviction.
He who sets his mind upon it
Can describe milady's bonnet
In the flightiest of diction.

Time was when the Muse would favor
Those whom Inspiration chooses;
Now all rhyming seems to savor
Of the dictionary's flavor,
Makeshift for the absent Muses.

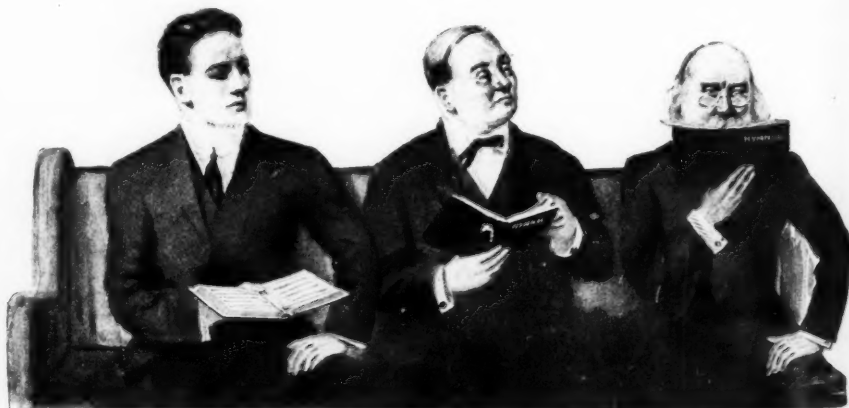
All too long that winded jade,
Pegasus with clipped wings,
Has the hobby-horse been made
Of each scribbling renegade
Who with rhyming word book sings.

True, it's revolutionary
To deprive these many-sages—
Hush, I pray, for in this very
Tirade 'gainst the dictionary
Oft I've turned its tattered pages.
Robert Wiener.

No Mystery

MRS. SCRAPPY: Did you see this, John? *Woman Stung! Can't Talk! Puzzles Doctors!*

SCRAPPY: Mary, a woman's tongue that can't talk would puzzle more than doctors.



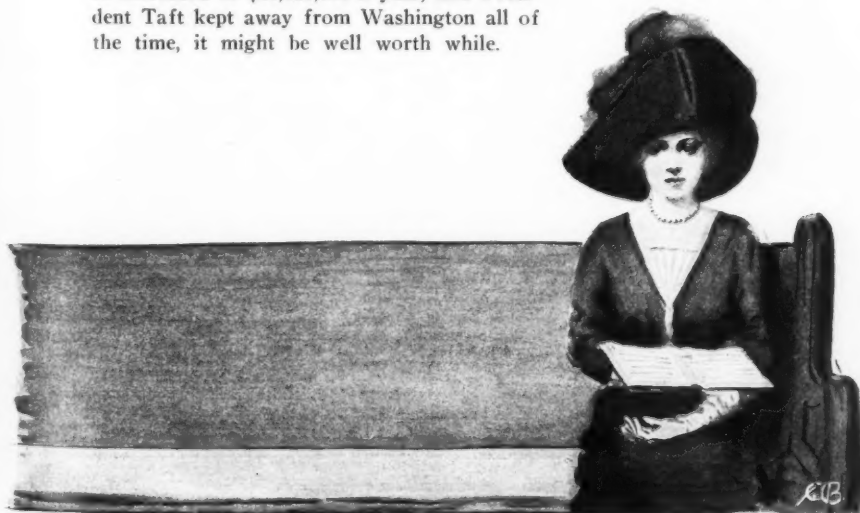
THE GREATEST STUDY OF MANKIND IS—



THE FIRST WEDDING BREAKFAST

Pensions

PRESIDENT TAFT managed to get back to Washington during the recent primary campaign long enough to sign a pension bill which makes a difference of about \$25,000,000 a year in disbursements. Under these circumstances, it seems to us that he is paid too little for his traveling expenses. The present allowance is \$25,000 a year. If this allowance for traveling expenses could be increased to \$10,000,000 a year, and President Taft kept away from Washington all of the time, it might be well worth while.



WOMAN

Washington

SING a song of Washington,
A city full of pie;
Every other man you meet
Is holding office high.
When the Senate opens,
No Senator's in sight;
Just here and there a sleepy clerk
To hold the country right.
The President's in Kansas
Repairing his machine.
The Cabinet's in Newport
Admiring the scene.
Just lobbyists are on the job,
In corridor and foyer,
But that's because the public is
Their prey, not their employer.

A Public Benefactor

MARGARET: Josephine has gone in for a new sort of philanthropy.

KATHARINE: Goodness! What?

MARGARET: She has formed a society for the prevention of new forms of auction bridge.

A New Occupation

WE desire to note the growing fashion for elderly gentlemen in good circumstances to increase their families.

Recently Dr. Gorton, who is over eighty years of age, was blessed with twins; and Dr. Harvey Wiley, at sixty-six, has secured the additional presence of a nine-pound boy; Andrew Carnegie at sixty-two was presented with a daughter; Senator Clark, at sixty-three, a daughter; J. H. Thiry, at eighty-seven, a son; John W. Province, at eighty-one, twins; Thomas Ludway, at eighty-nine, a son; Charles Powell, at seventy-two, a son, and Ambrose Calhoun, of Georgia, at eighty-two, triplets.

All of these gentlemen have achieved these additions practically within the last decade. And they are only a few examples of a growing tendency.

This is as it should be. Owing to our system of education, it takes the first twenty-five years of a man's life to know anything at all. After that, it takes about twenty-five years more for him to be able to earn a living. It would seem, therefore, that the proper sociological period for any gentleman to raise a family is during the closing years of his life, when he can presumably give his attention to the education of his children.

It is only after a man gets to be sixty years of age that he really has any fun, and what is more fitting than that he should spend a proportion of his days in the nursery playing hide-and-go-seek with the babies?

T. L. M.

A Matter of No Importance

RECENTLY (on May 22) a seven months old baby in Yonkers died suddenly after having been vaccinated by a physician connected with the Board of Health.

The coroner stated that the vaccination was the cause of the child's death.

This, of course, is of no importance—relatively. Children are dying every week all over the country from the same cause. In this particular instance apparently only three New York papers made any mention of the fact—the *American*, the *Herald* and the *Press*. Naturally the metropolitan papers are



"GRIPS AND HOLDS YOU WITH AN IRRESISTIBLE POWER."



"OVERFLOWING WITH RICHNESS OF EXPRESSION"



"HER MOST CONVINCING STYLE"



"YOU WILL HATE TO PUT IT DOWN"



"FULL OF HUMAN INTEREST"



"THE BIGGEST THING IN YEARS"

SOME PRESS OPINIONS OF A BEST SELLER

not going to report facts which are not in accord with their own views.

George Bernard Shaw said the other day, writing to an English newspaper:

"Vaccination should have been made a criminal offense immediately after the great smallpox epidemic of 1871, and it has been maintained ever since then because doctors can't afford to tell the truth about it."

HALF the world don't know how they live themselves.

Bait

FIRST SUFFRAGETTE: If we want to get the young girls interested in our meetings we must have something to attract them.

SECOND SUFFRAGETTE: Which would it better be? Refreshments or men?

"SHE remembers everything she reads."

"Um. Please don't leave me alone with her."

The Temperature in Other Cities

WHEN, on Saturday or Sunday morning, we take up the Literary Supplement of our favorite daily and see that "The six best sellers in the United States for the week ending



Cincinnati

May 18 were *The Scavenger*, by Ashcart Driver; *A Treat of Treacle*, by Susan Oughtobee Sewing; *Stale-Mated*, Anonymous; *The Merry Minglings of Mary Ann*, by Aimée du Peuple; *The Empty Box*, by M. T. Head, and *How to Make Mind Out of Matter*, by Ernest Bughouse," we little realize the splendidly organized service that enables the Literary Weather Bureau to place this meteorological information at our disposal.

Just glance at the following facts and make a rough estimate of their implications:

There are over forty-seven thousand department stores in the United States. Every Friday noon an agent of the



Pittsburgh

Bureau visits each of these emporiums, interviews the head saleslady in the book department and gets the barometric reading of the local taste.

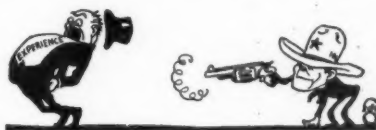
There are something like sixty-three thousand Carnegie libraries in the country. At four P. M. on Thursdays an accredited representative of the Bureau obtains from each of them a

sworn statement of the literary temperature.

There are three hundred odd thousand hotel and railway news-stands in operation. Every Wednesday morning the Bureau examiners take the reading of these delicate wind gauges of popular preference.

But nothing will give a better idea of the care and thoroughness of the service than the fact that even the five or six hundred book stores still doing business in the country are taken into account. As no clerk in one of these establishments ever knows what is on the shelves, the Bureau sends an expert of its own to determine the week's disturbances in their stock by means of a seismograph.

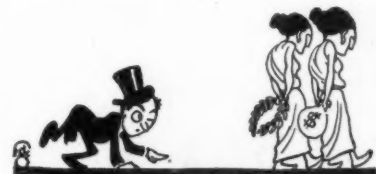
Maybe there are not busy times at the Bureau on Friday nights! When the late reports from outlying department stores are coming in and the



Waco

statistical experts and lightning calculators are putting the final touches to the weekly bulletin, it is as exciting as election night in a newspaper office. To hear the telephone boys singing out, "Twenty-eight department stores in Oklahoma give *The Scavenger* 65 and *Stale-Mated* 42" and "Six hundred news-stands in Wyoming give—" you wonder how the tabulators ever keep their bearings.

But in spite of the excellent service now rendered by the Bureau there is



Washington



St. Paul

still room for improvement. It is to be hoped, for instance, that a Literary Weather Chart will soon be published and posted in public places from time to time, showing isothermal lines of appreciation, indicating by little arrows the trend of local bias, and printing in explanatory footnotes such relevant information as

"The area of low taste that has been moving eastward across the Mississippi Valley is now central over Chicago, with its southern edge at Cincinnati."

and

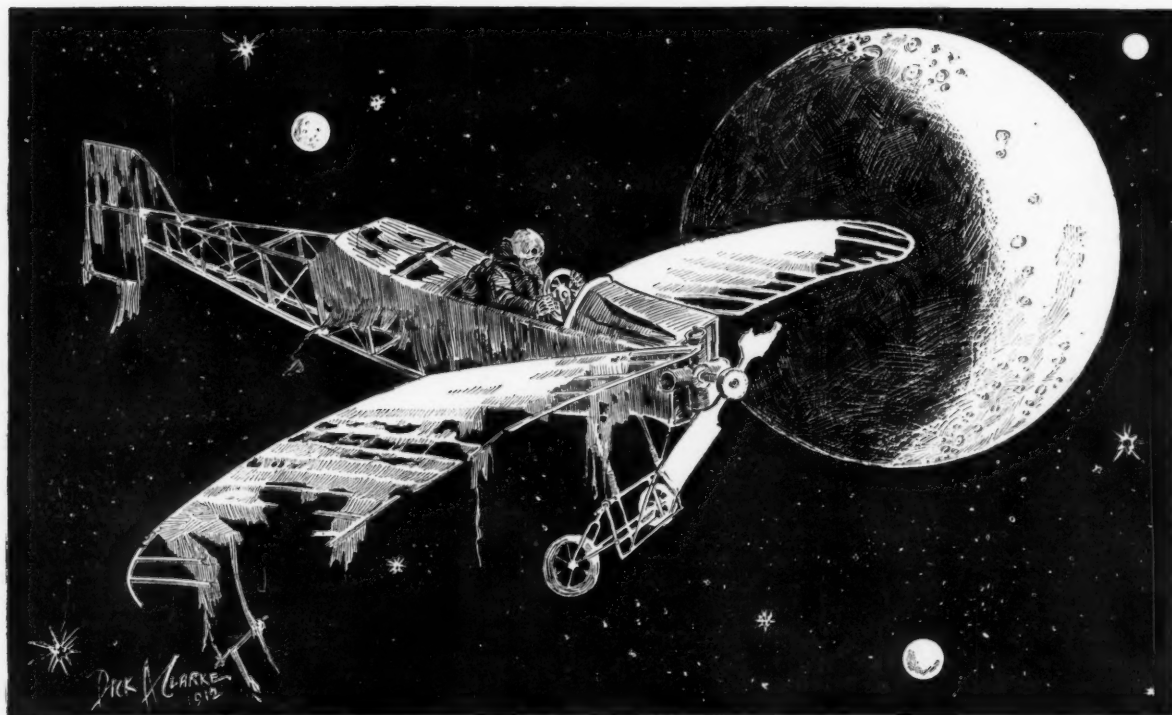
"The 'high,' so long stationary in the neighborhood of Boston, seems to be disappearing into *The Atlantic*."

But the first improvement that should be undertaken is the reorganization of the local forecast service. At present the summarized returns from the various cities are published monthly by *The Bookman*, but only in order to show, by their points of general agreement, how the general result is arrived at. If these lists were so arranged as to emphasize local idiosyncracies they would be far more instructive.



Philadelphia

Philadelphia, for example, voted last month to put *To M. L. G.* ahead of *John Rawn*, while Pittsburgh voted the other way. And these facts doubtless have their technical importance. But they throw no light upon local conditions. The report, however, becomes



THE DERELICT

full of significance when we note that Philadelphia is the only city in the Union that places *The Garden of Resurrection* on its list of best sellers—conservatively regarding it as fiction—and includes a treatise on *The Five Senses* among its non-fictional favorites. And the fact that no other cities agree with it only gives additional point to Pittsburgh's having voted first place in fiction to *The Man Who Understood Women* and having read more copies of *Old Age Deferred* than of any other non-fictional publication.

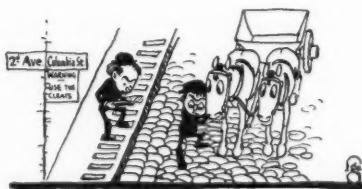


Chicago

Who cares whether Chicago and Washington agree or disagree upon the merits of *The Winning of Barbara Worth*? It is much more interesting to note that Chicago's first choice in fiction is *He Comes Up Smiling*, while for serious reading her citizens in-

cline to *How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day*. And it almost settles the coming election to know that Washington is crazy about *The Following of the Star* and is keeping the library attendants busy handing out copies of *The Sixth Sense*.

The fact that both Albany and Seattle like *A Hoosier Chronicle* tells us little enough about what is on foot in those busy centers. But it is evident that political storm signals are out in Albany when her first choice in novels is *Counsel for the Defense* and her favorite non-fiction reading for the month is *Counsel Assigned*. And the self-absorption of the western metropolis is equally deducible from her voting first place to *The Municipal*



Seattle

Plan of Seattle and to *The Broad Highway*.

Old friends of St. Paul and Minneapolis, too, will feel that all is well with them when they see that St. Paul



Minneapolis

is concentrating on *The Harvester* and *Creative Evolution*, while Minneapolis is studying *Keeping Up with Lizzie*.

The fact that Waco, Texas, turned in an absolutely unanimous vote for *Bran the Iconoclast* should be of interest to the stand-patters.

And I am sure that no novel that Cincinnati was shown to be enthusiastic about could give as much encouragement to her well-wishers as the recent report that her first choice of all non-fiction books had fallen upon *The Decameron*!

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Plaudit of the Pallid Bookworm

I'M a poor, despondent Bookworm
On a five or six foot shelf;
And I'd rather be a hookworm
Than the thing I call myself.

For the gentle Georgia cracker
Is the hookworm's meat and drink,
But the bookworm's food is blacker
With the smudge of printer's ink.

I that erstwhile loved to grovel
In the leaves of Harte and Twain,
Lately gnawed a Chambers novel
Which produced an awful pain.

It was seasoned up so highly
That I nearly threw a fit,
But a verse of Jimmy Riley
Heartened me a little bit.

Next I sampled C. T. Brady
And a book that Hichens made,
But I did not like his lady
And was forced to call for Ade.

While the works of George McCutcheon
Simply spoiled my appetite.
Oh, to throw the high-speed clutch on
Till I'd left them out of sight!

Nibbling half a page of Dreiser
Left me feeling sad and lone.
Wister seemed a trifle nicer
And improved my moral tone.

London nearly gave me tremens,
But a potion, mild and deep
(One of Mary Wilkins-Freeman's),
Gently soothed my soul to sleep.

Yes, 'tis hard to be a bookworm
When the summer tales are out!
I had rather be the brook-worm
Which is used to catch a trout.

I had rather be a moth or
An uncanceled postage stamp.
Guess I'll go and bite an author
So he'll die of writer's cramp!

Guess I'll have to try to shorten
My excursion to the tomb,
So I'll browse on Edith Wharton
Till I fade away in gloom.

Till I hear a sound of sobbing,
And I'll rest beneath the sod
Where the Merrills cease from Bobbing
And the Meads no longer Dodd!

Arthur Guiterman.

Book Reviewers Refuse

They Will Not Mingle with the Common Crowd—As Pessimists, They Have No Equal, and Why Should They Be Disturbed?—Announcement by Pessimists' Club

High Brow



"The High Brow Reviewer"

SINCE our announcement of a special department devoted entirely to book reviewers, there have been applications from all over the country to join the club. Here is a letter from a leading member on the subject:

"I feel very strongly that we ought to have the benefit of the book reviewers. They are probably, take them all in all, the meanest and most contemptible set of wretches in this country. I say this calmly and impartially, as I have never written a book. Their occupation makes them absolutely impervious to any ray of sunlight, and we can learn much from their despairing attitude. Let 'em loose among us.

The book reviewers on their part refuse to yield and have threatened to leave the club in a body and form one of their own if they are not let alone. The following portion of a letter from

one of them frankly voices their sentiments:

"We are a race apart from the sentiments and the ordinary feelings of mankind. Outwardly joyous, in the breast of each one of us is a canker of utter hopelessness. Long perusal of the chapter headings of best sellers, and fixed contemplation of the illustrations, have left us utterly indifferent about the ordinary activities of mankind. Our pessimism is to us a pure and sacred thing, and under no circumstances could we consent to share it with anyone else."

At present every type of book reviewer is represented in the club. Among others we may mention

The Compelling Book Reviewer. This gentleman is employed by publishing houses to write notices of all books and to create anecdotes of the authors for free distribution among the enlightened press of the country.

The Newspaper Roaster. This gentleman is employed by a daily paper that issues a weekly literary supplement of all the masterpieces issued during the week. Each night he loads his pack of books on his back and trudges home, where he distributes them to the neighbors and circulating libraries, and then writes his impressions of the insides from a fleeting glance at the covers.

The High Brow Book Reviewer. This gentleman reviews one book a year, reading it over several times, and writing a review longer than the book.

These gentlemen will remain in the club, as they have been doing, separate and apart from the common throng. They are united by a common bond of sorrow, a unique and hopeless despondency. No other pessimist can hope to equal them, and they will continue to dwell on the heights of hypochondriacal hopelessness.



· LIFE ·



Temptation

JUST BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

Forecast of Literary Fashions

THERE is every indication that heroines will be worn less introspective during the coming season, and that the *Princesse* and *Duchesse* models will yield first place to the *Actrice*.

Of course, for formal use at the more fashionable resorts and for general Casino and Club House wear, the morbid heroine will still be *de rigueur*. The morbidity, however, will be militant rather than analytical. The published proclamations of wives who understand their husbands only too well, and despise them accordingly, will largely replace the petulant complaints of the misunderstood.

Confessions will continue to hold their recent vogue, but will be cut lower than heretofore. It should be carefully noted, too, that the hand-embroidered epigram and the open-work innuendo are both rather *passée*. The chic-est of the newer models are being trimmed with billingsgate *appliqué*.

Heroes are strictly tabu, except for very young misses or their equivalent.

Baseball stories are worn short and promise to be popular.

Men's fashions in detective tales show little change. Some rather questionable innovations are likely to be tried, but conservative dressers will stick to the dead body in the first chapter.

Illusion will again rule as the standard material for romances, nothing having been found that equals it for making paper-cambric underbodies look like satin.

The following styles, from the lists of the leading outfitters, promise to be especially sought after. J. B. K.

ALEXANDER'S BRIDGE, by Willa S. Cather. (*Houghton, Mifflin*.) A first novel—warranted “haunting to the memory”—by a successful short story writer.

THE BIG FISH, by H. B. Marriott Watson. (*Little, Brown*.) Several somethings doing near the Incas' treasure house, where two American argonauts, two lovely ladies and two villainous varmints mix it up among the peaks of Peru.

BUTTERED SIDE DOWN, by Edna Ferber. (*Stokes*.) Short stories by a live wire.

CARNIVAL, by Compton Mackenzie. (*Appleton*.) A lively story of a dancer's career.

THE CHINK IN THE ARMOUR, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (*Scribner*.) This is not a historical novel, but a maddening mystery mix-up at a French watering place. Do not use it if your heart is weak.

THE DEVIL'S WIND, by Patricia Wentworth. (*Putnam*.) A romance of the Indian mutiny by last year's blue ribbon winner. The kind of a story that Homer would have called “polluphloisboio.”

FROM THE CAR BEHIND, by Eleanor M. Ingraham.

(*Lippincott*.) An automobile yarn that is said to go some. Traffic cops take notice.

GREYFRIARS BOBBIE, by Eleanor Atkinson. (*Harper*.) A delightfully weepy story of a skye terrier. Gospel truth, too. Don't forget an extra handkerchief.

THE GREEN VASE, by William R. Castle, Jr. (*Dodd, Mead*.) This sounds like a Joseph Vance title, but the book is the story of a mended mesalliance.

HER WEIGHT IN GOLD, by George Barr McCutcheon. (*Dodd, Mead*.) “All you need to know about a story is that it's a McCutcheon.”

A HOOSIER CHRONICLE, by Meredith Nicholson. (*Houghton, Mifflin*.) In which this well-known artist shifts from vaudeville to “the legitimate.”

IT, by Gouverneur Morris. (*Scribner*.) Short story bull's-eyes at various ranges by a crack shot.

THE MAN IN LONELY LAND, by Kate Langley Bosher. (*Harper*.) Do you “Mary Carey”? If so, here's how!

MISS JOHN BULL, by Yoshio Markino. (*Houghton, Mifflin*.) A Japanese observer's estimate of the English young person. A great London hit.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BOULE CABINET, by Burton E. Stevenson. (*Dodd, Mead*.) A detective story officially declared to be “beautifully baffling.”

MY ACTOR HUSBAND, anonymous. (*John Lane*.) Matergill's Seasick Remedy is recommended as a precaution before embarking.

THE OLD NEST, by Rupert Hughes. (*Century*.) A story of the old folks at home that will likely sell many railroad tickets.

PITCHING IN A PINCH, by Christy Mathewson. (*Putnam*.) Fan tales.

THE PROMISED LAND, by Mary Antin. (*Houghton, Mifflin*.) A remarkable autobiography by a Russian-Jewish emigrant.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS, by Thomas Dixon. (*Appletons*.) We have it on good authority that the subject (drops of black blood among the blue) is handled with “dignity, delicacy and reserve.”

THE SQUIRREL CAGE, by Dorothy Canfield. (*Henry Holt*.) A novel of American life to-day that will “bear thinking about,” but that does not make that a condition.

THE STORY OF A PLOW BOY, by James Bryce. (*John Lane*.) No, this is not by the British Ambassador. That is called “The American Commonwealth.” But everyone is reading this, anyhow.

THROUGH THE POSTERN GATE, by Florence L. Barclay. (*Putnam*.) Yes, she's the author of “The Rosary.” And this new book is more so, if anything. It is impossible, however, to print more than ten thousand a day.

THE TREVOR CASE, by Natalie Sumner Lincoln. (*Appletons*.) The dead body in the first chapter is that of the wife of the Attorney General of the United States. The denouement comes at the end.



NOT A DRY EYE IN THE COMPANY

"YES, MY CHILD, I WAS THE FIRST TO PRESENT THE GREAT DRAMA OF 'FAUST' BEFORE AN AMERICAN AUDIENCE."

"WHAT DID YOU PLAY?"

"I—AH—HEM!—PLAYED THE HOSE IN THE GARDEN SCENE."

Intimate Interviews

PARADOXES! Little ones and big ones, short and tall, rich and poor, jostling and tumbling over each other—each one trying to elbow his way to the front, mingling and disturbing, wrangling—a heterogenous mass of them looking like a pack of dogs all howling together in the cozy little Chesterton back yard on the outskirts of London! And in the center,

"Well, I don't know. There ought to be enough commonplace ideas to last, and you know the receipt is perfectly simple; you take something that everybody has accepted as being true, and prove that it doesn't exist, or else that it is entirely wrong."

"Yes, but I already suspect that even to do this requires the ability of an artist and the patience of a saint."



"What would we do for a living?"

familiarly at ease with them all, Gilbert Chesterton faced Gilbert Chesterton.

"Sometimes I feel," said Gilbert Chesterton, looking at himself reproachfully, "as if we ought to get rid of the whole pack."

"But if we did," replied Gilbert Chesterton, "what would we do for a living? We should have to depend upon legitimate literature."

"And that might be fatal, especially in these days when nobody wants to read legitimate literature."

"But, old man, can we keep this thing up? Can we be eternally taking a commonplace and hitherto accepted idea and reversing it?"

"Well, haven't we got them?"

"Possibly. But we have achieved too much of a reputation for being clever. To be too clever is fatal."

At this point Gilbert Chesterton, motioning off the pack, leaned over to Gilbert Chesterton.

"Ah!" he whispered, "I have an idea; something that has never occurred to you before. It may save us from obscurity."

"And that?"

"My dear fellow, nothing simpler; hereafter we will try to write just ordinary common sense. Think of it! No writer is even trying to do that, and with our talent——"

Half Moments with the World's Best Authors

(In the present day rush and bustle no one has time for more)

O H, Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
When Linden's sun was low,
Confusion on thy banners wait,
On the Reef of Norman's woe!

When good King Arthur ruled the land,
Speak, speak, thou fearful guest!
'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed!
And clasped her to his breast.

Fire! Out blazed the rifle blast,
Warwick in blood did wade!
Full fathoms five thy father lies,—
Jump, jump! The boy obeyed.

A moment there Lord Marmion stood,
King Henry to deride;
Give way, give way! Ye cursed French!
The dog it was that died!

Lie there! he cried; fell pirate!
Thus I my vengeance slake!
Back Laertius! Back Herminius!
Trumpet to trumpet spake!

It must be so,—thou reasonest well;
Is this a dagger? Say!
Farewell, farewell! but this I tell,
I'm to be Queen o' the May!

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan,
And brave Lord Willoughby!
Were the last words of Marmion,
As he put out to sea.

The Wedding Guest he beat his breast,
Loud cried the fathers all,
And thousands heard with brutal joy
The harp thro' Tara's hall.

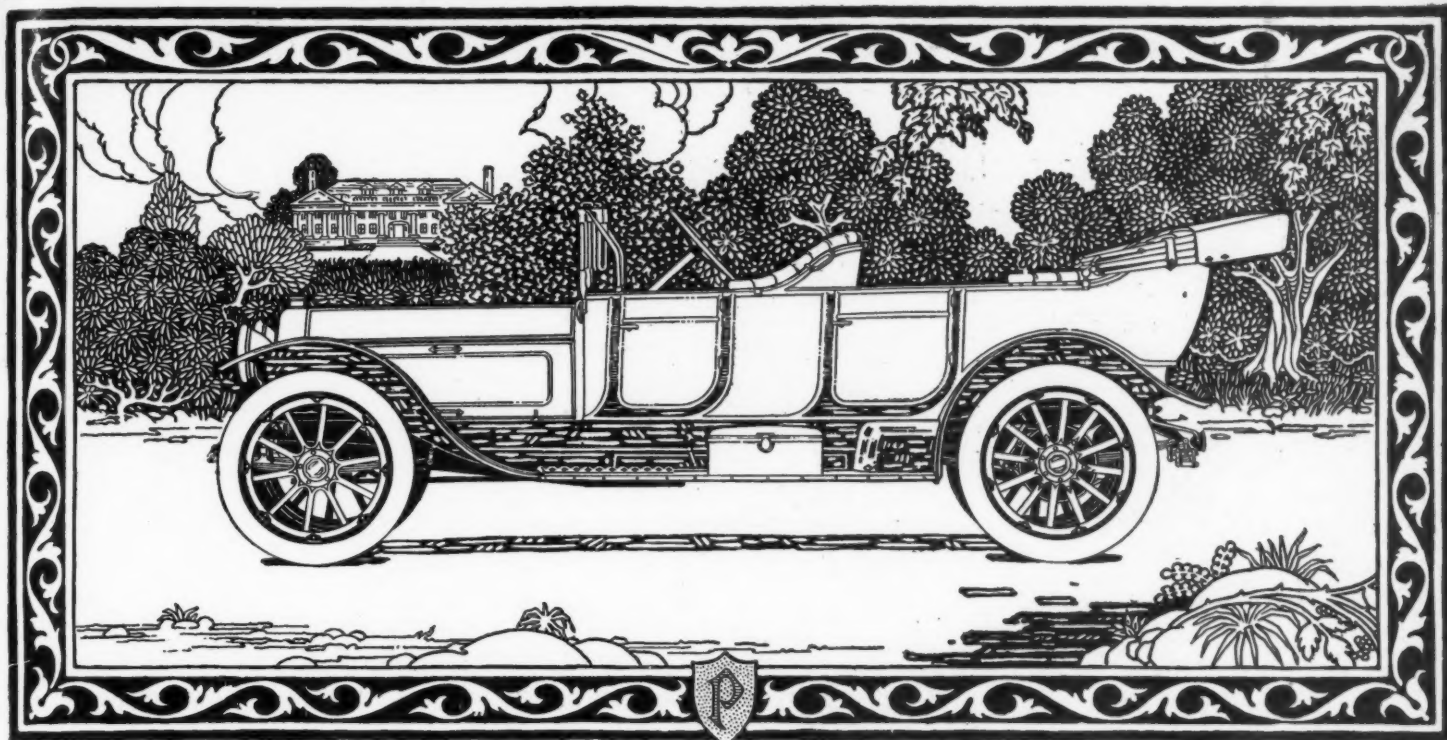
Kamal is out with twenty men,
Across the dying day,
The Blessed Damosel leaned out—
And frightened Miss Muffet away!
Carolyn Wells.

Gilbert Chesterton got up. He shook his head.

"It's no use," he exclaimed. "Nobody would read us. No, my dear fellow, we shall have to keep on, and——"

"And what?"

"Peter out."



THE BEAUTY OF THE 1913 PEERLESS

It is individual, distinctive; it is apparent at a glance; it grows with familiarity; it lingers with you like the beauty of a living being; there is something personal in it. This beauty—inevitably associated with a Peerless car—is no thing of chance. It is the beauty of studied harmony—for every part and piece is perfectly proportioned to every other.

It is the beauty of long, clean lines and graceful curves—in the sweep of the fenders, in the unbroken line of the parapet, in the gradual taper of the bonnet, in the broad, continuous curve of top and body-back.

It is the beauty of simplicity—the extra tires are carried below the parapet, the chairs in the tonneau fold away out of sight, there is no break or jarring contrast to the long lines and the broad expanse of body-surface.

It is, too, the beauty of utility and strength—of power in reserve. The three six-cylinder chassis, equipped with various types of open and closed bodies, meet the requirements of experienced motorists. All have the flexibility of a motor unusually long of stroke, with the convenience of an automatic dynamo electric-lighting system and a power-driven tire-pump.

One can not view this car as it flashes over the road, the sunlight glancing from wheels or polished body-surface, without a deep and lasting impression of beauty.

Its beauty and comfort can be yours for the full season, as the 1913 Peerless is ready for immediate delivery.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY

CLEVELAND

Fie on You, W. Shakespeare!

The Following List of Anachronisms in Shakespeare's Plays is by No Means Complete, but It at Least Reveals the Interesting Fact that Genius is Not Always "An Infinite Capacity for Taking Pains"

Merry Wives of Windsor

The incidents in this play are supposed to belong to the reign of Henry the Fourth, and consequently the introduction of the *shillings* of Edward the Sixth and the mention of *Machiavel* are improper, as well as the then newly introduced terms of the fencing school, ridiculed by Shallow. Perhaps *Ancient Pistol* and *Corporal Nym* are objectionable titles.

Measure for Measure

We have here an English jury in a German court of justice.

Midsummer-Night's Dream

The scene of this play lies at Athens, in the time of Theseus, but we find the mention of *guns*, of *French crowns* and *French crown-colored beards*, of *churchyards* and *masks*, of *Jack and Gill*, the *nine mens' morris*, *blessing the bridal bed* and *carols*. Inasmuch as they are applicable to songs in general, and, in an antiquated sense, to dances, it may be doubtful, though the allusion was, in all probability, to Christmas carols. *Hermia* is made to speak of the fire which burned the *Carthage Queen*.

Merchant of Venice

English juries are introduced into the Venetian republic.

Winter's Tale

The transactions of this play arise in Sicily and Bohemia, and though the characters are imaginary, they are supposed to exist in pagan times. Notwithstanding this, we have *Whitsun pastorals*, *Christian burial*, a *hobby horse*, an Emperor of Russia and an Italian painter of the fifteenth century.

King John

In this play we also find *cannon*, with *angels*, *half-faced groats*, and *three farthing pieces*; *cards*, too, are introduced, and *Basilisco*, a character of the time of Shakespeare.

Comedy of Errors

In the ancient city of Ephesus we have *ducats*, *marks*, and *guilders*, and the

abbess of a nunnery; mention is also made of several modern European kingdoms, and of America; of *Henry the Fourth of France*; of *Turkish tap-estry*, a *rapier* and a *striking clock*; of *Lopland sorcerers*, *Satan*, and even of *Adam* and *Noah*. In one place *Antipholus* calls himself a *Christian*. As we are not acquainted with the immediate source whence this play was derived, it is impossible to ascertain whether Shakespeare is answerable for these anachronisms.

Macbeth

The errors here are confined to the introduction of *cannon* and of *dollars*.

King Henry the Fourth

The anachronisms are very numerous in the plays of this reign. We have *pistols* and *silk stockings*; *gilt two-pences* and *ten-shilling pieces*; a ballad with a picture on it, evidently alluding to the wood-cuts on those compositions; the game of *shove-groat* or *slide shrift*, which was not invented before the reign of Henry the Eighth. Mention is also made of *John Chogan*, jester to Edward the Fourth, and of *Arthur's show*, though it was not introduced till a long time afterwards.

King Henry the Fifth

The Turks are put into possession of Constantinople, which did not fall into their hands till upward of thirty years after Henry's death.

King Henry the Sixth

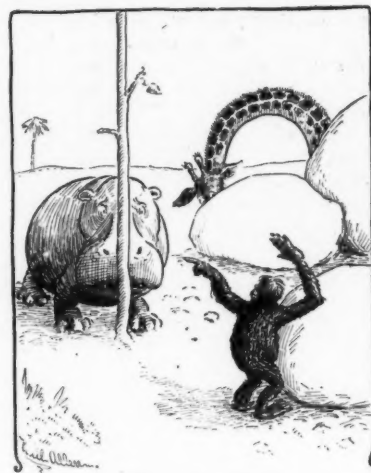
Machiavel, who was not born till 1469, is twice introduced in these plays. *Printing* is also prematurely mentioned.

King Henry the Eighth

An old woman is made to talk of carved *three-pences*, but these pieces were not known in England till the reign of Edward the Sixth, though some are said to have been coined in Ireland during the reign of Edward the Fourth.

Troilus and Cressida

Hector quotes *Aristotle*; *Ulysses* speaks of the bull bearing *Milo*, and *Pandarus* of a man born in *April*. *Friday*



HIDE AND SEEK

"ONE, TWO, THREE, FOR GI BEHIND THAT ROCK, AND ONE, TWO, THREE, FOR HIPPO BEHIND THAT TREE!"
"AW, NO FAIR! YOU PEEKED WHEN WE RAN TO HIDE."

and *Sunday*, and even *minced-pies* with dates in them, are introduced.

Timon of Athens

Paper is mentioned in this play. In a Roman drama it might have passed, but we have no evidence that the Greeks used the papyrus plant at this early period.

Coriolanus

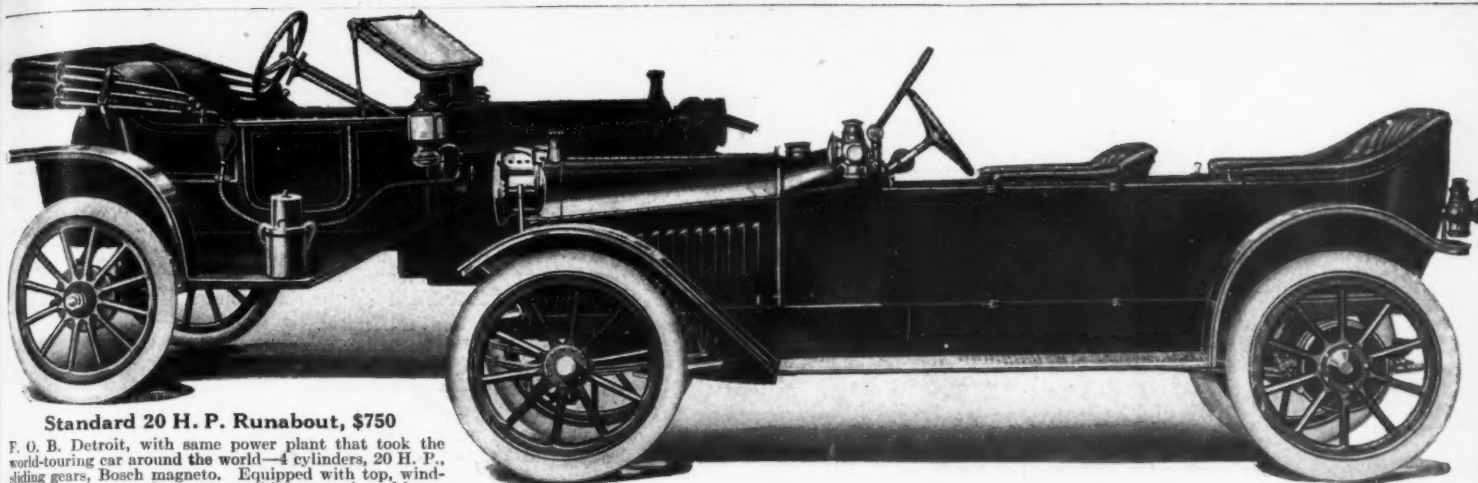
Alexander, *Cato* and *Galen* are improperly alluded to, all being posterior to the time of Coriolanus. Other anachronisms are the mention of graves in a holy church-yard; *groats*, *munners*, *lockram* and a kitchen *malkin*. Coriolanus describes the populace by the names of *Hob* and *Dick*.

Antony and Cleopatra

Antony talks of *packing cards* and deals out his *knaves*, *queens*, *hearts* and *trumps* as if he were a whist player. His bestowing the epithet of *gipse* on Cleopatra is whimsical, but may, perhaps, admit of defense.

Cymbeline

The British tribute being estimated at three thousand pounds, strikes on the ear as a modern computation. Imogen calls her supposed master, a valiant ancient Briton, by the name of *Richard* (Continued on page 1237.)



Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, \$750

F. O. B. Detroit, with same power plant that took the world-touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster, 110-inch wheelbase, \$850.



This man's duty is to ream out the main bearings of the motor.

The three bearings are reamed out at the same time; perfect alignment being thus assured by the very first operation to which they are submitted after having been cast.

From this operation, the crank case passes on to the skilled workers who scrape the bearings to a minute degree of exactness and marvelous smoothness, fitting the crankshaft with such nicety that any possibility of undue or uneven wear is precluded.

Please note the extra-generous width of the two end bearings; and the third or center bearing for the crankshaft—a decidedly unusual feature, in a motor cast en bloc, unless the car costs about \$2,500.

The careful workmanship told of here is typical of every operation in the great Hupmobile plant.

The three crankshaft bearings, instead of the two usually provided in a medium priced car, are indicative of the high quality and the exceptional value that stamp the Hupmobile an unusual car.

Beneath the crank case in the picture is shown the crankshaft, with connecting rods in place; and on the floor is shown the three-bearing crankshaft.

Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, \$900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamp, stools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3½-inch bore and 5¼-inch stroke. Bosch magneto. 106-inch wheelbase; 32 x 3¼-inch tires. Color, Standard Hupmobile Blue. Roadster, \$900

Hupmobile

\$900

One thought dominates this organization and impresses itself upon every operation that enters into the construction of the car.

To build for the future, and not for the sales of the moment—to build so scrupulously, so soundly and so well, that the lapse of years will find in the Hupmobile owner a deep and abiding sense of service rendered and value received.

We believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

Hupp Motor Car Company

1231 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario



We Are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which Are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Absolutely Essential to Publication

Where Ignorance is Bliss

DEAR LIFE:

Your number for January 11 is splendid! Could anything be more true than what you say on page 118? "LIFE is not a newspaper, inasmuch as our principal field is to display our ignorance of current affairs."

Of course, the reader is surprised, but let him turn over to the cartoon on pages 128 and 129, ridiculing everything in the medical profession, and he sees at a glance that you have clearly proved your contention.

And what a well-deserved rebuke you give to Mr. Edison on page 120. You truly say, LIFE, that "Hasty snatches of inexpert opinion on deep subjects are apt to be not very valuable."

Can it be that you, expert in Art and Literature, are no more competent to pass judgment on the modern science of bacteriology than Mr. Edison is to give "great-man deliverances on racial, political, economic and educational subjects"?

Truly yours,

HARRISON W. SMITH.

KUCHING, SARAWAK,
February 17, 1912.

Not Hostile

EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR: It is with great surprise that I have read your late numbers and noticed therein your seemingly hostile attitude to the Church of Rome.

In your issue of May 2 you publish a letter from Lincoln, Ill., dated April 1, and signed "J. L." The above gentleman's statement in regard to the appointment to the head of the Supreme Court of Justice White appears most ridiculous to any broad-minded man who has read his article. "J. L." has evidently been reading some of the recent American Protective Association literature and has taken their stand, that a Catholic is unfitted for public office in this country, on the ground that he swears allegiance to the Pope. This is true in so far as spiritual matters are concerned, as the Pope gave up all claims to temporal government some three or four centuries ago,

during the reformation. I would also beg to inform the gentleman that it is an express command of the Church that all Catholics respect and obey their lawful temporal superiors.

Again I disagree with him when he writes that "the bold utterances of eminent Catholic divines indicate a growing militant sentiment, which will sooner or later develop into trouble for some one." The only inference I can draw from this statement is that the Roman Church is a menace to peace and the public welfare and that its survival will lead to civil war. This may be putting it rather crudely, but I feel that it is to the point. If "J. L." can prove to me that it is the aim of the Roman Church to usurp the civil power in this or any other country, I will most humbly apologize and admit that I do not know what I am talking about.

From the name of your publication one would infer that it was issued on behalf of the people, but if sixteen million Catholic citizens are not considered as

belonging to the people, then you have gone astray in your mission. Would it not be better for you to act with charity toward all and with malice toward none? I would like to have the opinions of non-Catholic readers on this subject.

Yours very truly,

HARRY C. READ.

CHEYENNE, WYO.

May 8, 1912.

In Defense of the Jews

EDITORS LIFE:

GENTLEMEN: Kindly allow a humble workingman space for a few remarks. The attacks of Yankees on the Jews seems laughable to me. A case of residents of glass houses recklessly throwing stones. Twenty years of exploitation by capitalists of various races and religions has proved to me that the Jew is not half as bad as he is painted, comparing, as he does, very favorably with our shrewd Yankee business man. Jews have usually shown a little humanity at least, but, after all, they are all out for profit, and your genuine "Yankee" takes his any old way. Is he not at all times willing to sell "blow-hole" armor plate and rotten foodstuffs to his government, proving that his patriotism is that of the almighty dollar?

(Concluded on page 1233)



Jailer (to embezzler): GOOD MORNIN', SOR. IT'S A FOINE DAY YE HAV TO BE SENTENCED.

Speedwell

In this car *every*
vital feature is perfected

Many motorists feel that though the average car is in many respects strong and trustworthy and efficient yet it lacks in some one or more instances—differing with the various makes of cars—certain vital features that make for the pleasurable enjoyment of motoring.

"Must we go to the extremely high priced cars to get a thoroughly good car in *every* respect?" they say. And our answer is "No!" For in the Speedwell is found *every* requisite of design, power, finish, appearance, comfort and durability that is possible in motor cars, irrespective of price.

Ride in the Speedwell and learn by personal experience how its nicely balanced design, its exact precision of action is carried to a degree of perfection that realizes your motor car ideal.

One standard chassis for all models—50 H. P. motor; 123 inch wheel base; 36 inch wheels; equipment complete and of finest grade; self-starter included.

Literature upon request.

The Speedwell Motor Car Company
390 Essex Avenue, Dayton, Ohio

Car illustrated is seven-passenger touring model.





A Different Thing

Arnold Bennett, the English novelist, condemned at a dinner in New York the average public speech.

"But unconsciously," said Mr. Bennett, "the former chairman of a village caucus condemned the public speech much more effectively than I could ever do when he rose in a somewhat disorderly meeting and remarked:

"Listen, gentlemen, listen. I am not going to make a speech. I've got something to say."—*New York Times*.

Two women were leaving the theatre after a performance of "The Doll's House."

"Oh, don't you love Ibsen?" asked one, ecstatically. "Doesn't he just take all the hope out of life?"

—*Everybody's*.



Docked Horse: OH, I SAY, FLY, BE A SPORT! YOU CAN SEE THIS ISN'T A FAIR GO!

At a Disadvantage

While awaiting the coming of her friend, the mother, a visitor to a Baltimore household was holding a desultory conversation with one of the little girls in the drawing-room.

"Where are your two little sisters?" the caller asked.

"Oh, they," observed the little girl, with the air of one upon whom responsibilities rest heavily—"they're out somewhere to have what mother calls 'mischievous' and what they call 'fun.'"

"And why didn't you go to share in the 'fun'?" asked the caller.

The child sighed. "Mother trusts me so dreadfully," she explained, "that I can't have much fun."—*Lippincott's*.

Marks of Marriage

The Rev. Leon Linden, of Aurora, Ill., was joking about his proposal that all married men have a hole punched in their left ear as a mark of identification.

"After all, you know," said Dr. Linden, smiling, "this identification mark would be far less humiliating than the abraded nose or discolored eye that in some circles now prevails."—*Tribune*.

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TRADE MARK

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The pleasing and attractive designs of
Heisey's Glassware

together with its crystal-like clearness always makes the table
inviting and adds savor to the food. Quality and durability
considered, Heisey's Glassware is the
lowest priced glass-
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for a free copy of our "Handbook for the
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No 5 CANDLE STICK



ANOTHER TAX ON BACHELORS

Bullets

We read the following in a recent number of the *Nativity Mentor*. The author is John L. Belford, a priest of the Church of the Nativity, Brooklyn:

"The Socialist is busy. He flaunts his red flag and openly preaches his doctrines. His great point of attack is religion. His power is an actual menace to our city. There seems to be no law to suppress or control him. He is more dangerous than cholera or smallpox—yes, he is the mad dog of society and should be silenced, if need be by a bullet."

Very interesting. But just suppose a Socialist had mounted a platform in Union Square and advocated that all Catholic priests be shot. How long would it have taken the police to arrest him for inciting to violence? Just suppose that the *Appeal to Reason* had contained the above utterance. How long would it be before the postal authorities swooped down upon it and closed the mails to such incendiary matter?

At the hour of going to press the Rev. John L. Belford was still at large.

E. O. J.

Same Sort of Thing Needed Here

The "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Londoners" has been founded not a moment too soon. It was unanimously decided at its first meeting to prosecute forthwith all title-hunters, sculptors, architects, or subscription-touts concerned in erecting monuments in any public place within five miles of Charing Cross, especial attention being paid to those proposing to disfigure the Royal or other parks which the town contains.




The consummate charm of dining room and boudoir is assured by this sparklingly beautiful ware—

Silver Deposit Cut Glass

Chaste and intricate designs in 999-1000 pure silver are inseparably traced on flawless glass by our special process. We absolutely guarantee that "ELECTROLYTIC" SILVER DEPOSIT will not become detached nor will its background become yellow. Every article made in cut glass is here duplicated. Write for our illustrated catalogue and name of the nearest agent jeweler. When buying, look for this trade mark on the bottom of each article.

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Keep Your Teeth for Life

Of all your youthful charms, your *teeth alone* you may keep for life. Laugh-ter of youth need not become the sunken smile of old age.

The most dread thief of teeth is "Acid Mouth." You are not aware of the quiet work of acidity until, the enamel weakened, the frayed ends of nerves are exposed. And, most likely, acidity is now working its way to your most delicate nerve. (Dentists say "Acid Mouth" causes nearly all decay.) But, though "Acid Mouth" assail your teeth, be not disheartened. Fight back with



PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

which had its origin in the desire of scientists to preserve teeth against acidity. The success of Pebecco in this is unquestioned. With Acid Test Papers, which we mail free, you can determine whether you have "Acid Mouth" and by the use of a trial tube of Pebecco prove that this dentifrice counteracts that acidity. Large (extra size) 50c tubes sold everywhere.

Send for 10-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers FREE

Not because you need to make a chemical experiment upon yourself but that you may learn the power of Pebecco to counteract acidity, to cleanse and whiten your teeth, and to keep sweet your breath. We want you to know the pleasantness of Pebecco, a tooth paste not too highly scented and flavored—and remarkably efficient.

Pebecco is the product of the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany

Pebecco points the way to a toothsome old age. If you want to start on that road today, write for the Trial Tube and Test Papers. Send your name and address to

LEHN & FINK, 108 William Street, New York

Sole licensees in America for Pebecco Tooth Paste and producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum

A celebrated German philosopher who recently visited England attributes the habit of Londoners of walking with downcast eyes to the desire of avoiding the villainous monuments which surround them. He further expresses the opinion that the habit is producing a distinctive and injurious stoop, whilst the glare of the pavement is destroying the sight of those long resident in London.

"The Anti-British League" in Berlin has consequently decided to contribute

anonymously to all funds for the erection of monuments in this country, for the purpose of weakening the race by every means in its power. It is, therefore, obviously of the utmost national importance, not only that no further monuments be erected here, but that most of those which exist should be removed without unnecessary delay.

—London Truth.

THERE is a high rate of infant mortality among children of the imagination.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Two Tales of the South

Thomas R. Shipp in a political speech this season told a story about a colored man he once encountered in front of a "busted" bank down South.

"What's the matter, uncle?" asked Shipp. "Did you have some money in that bank?"

"Every bit I had in the world, \$40," the colored man replied. "It makes me feel awful bad to lose it."

"You should take the matter calmly," said Shipp. "Did you never hear of a bank bursting before?"

"Yes," said the uncle with emphasis. "But this one done busted right in mah face."

At the same meeting, where Herbert Knox Smith, United States Commissioner of Corporations, addressed the Indianapolis Trade Association, Mr. Smith told a story of the South. A Northern man made a visit to the plantation of a Southern Colonel, he said, and was almost devoured the first night by mosquitoes. The next morning the Northern man asked the colored butler about the mosquito plague. "Don't the mosquitoes bother the Colonel?" he asked.

"Not much, sah," the butler replied. "The fust part of the night the Colonel am too drunk to feel mosquitoes, and the last part of the night they is too drunk to bother him."—*Indianapolis News*.

LANDLADY: You believe in mustard plasters, doctor?

M.D.: Rather! I always order them for patients who call me out in the middle of the night when there's nothing the matter with 'em.—*Tit-Bits*.

Caroni Bitters. The best by test. Send 25 cents for sample bottle with patent dasher, and be convinced. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

THE RAREST OLD WHISKEY
MONEY CAN BUY

THE Gibson distillation of 1900 is now being marketed in one-gallon demijohns, and will be boxed and sent direct from our warehouse on order of your dealer—or to your personal address, prepaid—at Ten Dollars a gallon, purity and quality guaranteed. Made by the most approved methods, from ripe, carefully selected rye and the sparkling spring water of the Monongahela valley. Drawn from original barrels 41864 to 41888, numbered and recorded by the U. S. Government, whose books verify every statement we make. Tax paid Dec. 15, 1908.

The Gibson Distilling Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gibson's

**GILBERT
Vest-Pocket
Silk Hat**



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ALL SIZES

THE IDEAL HAT for Motoring, Golfing, Traveling and business wear. Cool, dressy, light. Weight, one ounce. Made of best quality **PURE SILK**, strictly hand tailored. **Oiled silk sweat band.** Colors—Black and White Check, Black, Navy Blue, Brown, Light Grey, White. Price \$1.50. **LADIES HATS**—wider brim and fuller crown, \$2.25—worth more. (Note—Ties to match above hats, four-in-hands and bows, 50 cents.) **SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.**
GILBERT & COMPANY, --- Decatur, Illinois.

Prejudged

A jury trial in a Western town had gone along for more than an hour when the trial judge discovered that the panel was shy a juror.

"What does this mean?" he roared. "There are only eleven jurors in the box; where is the twelfth?"

"Please, your Honor," answered one of the eleven, "he has gone away from here on some other business; but he has left his verdict with me."—*Lippincott's*.

The Cause

"Madam, I am just out of the hospital, and—"

"Don't tell me any such story as that! You are the same man I gave a piece of pie to not two weeks ago."

"Yes'm, dat was just 'fore I went to de hospital."—*Houston Post*.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

He Understood

The orchestra played number six, a selection that seemed to the bachelor very beautiful. He leaned toward his companion and whispered:

"How lovely that is! What is it, do you know?"

She smiled demurely and replied in a low, thrilling voice:

"It is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"

And at the same time she handed him her programme, pointing to number six with her finger.

He read and started, for the real name of the selection was Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The bachelor bought the ring next day.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

50 cts. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

Your Baggage in Spain—

Or wherever you travel can be protected by one of our Tourist Policies. A little forethought before departure may prevent innumerable annoyances.

"It costs but a few cents a day and may save you hundreds of dollars."

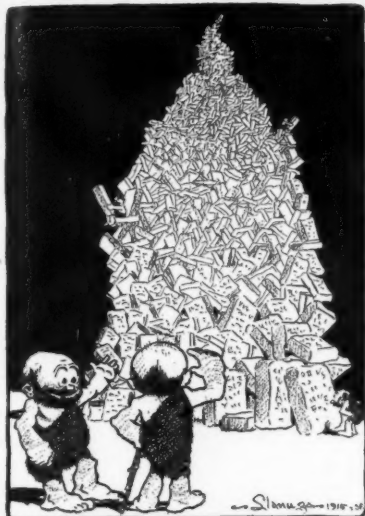
If you will advise us in advance of the date of your departure upon any trip, we will send you gratis our attractive and useful bon voyage book entitled "Things to Remember While Traveling."

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Founded 1792
Capital \$4,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders over \$8,000,000





LITTLE TROUBLES OF OUR PRE-HISTORIC ANCESTORS

ANDREW STONEHATCHET PRESENTS
CLIFFVILLE WITH A LIBRARY

"These Little Things"

The welcome accorded to anecdotes of distinguished men seems to show a recognition of the fact that the small events of life are more indicative of character than the great ones. Just now the English newspapers are rich in stories of W. T. Stead. It is said of him that he went through life with a scourge in his hand, but that he was usually too kindly to use it. He performed every action as though the fate of nations depended upon it. He tells us himself that his aged

The aging of a cocktail is as necessary to perfect flavor as the aging of wine or whisky.

The delicious flavor and aroma of

Club Cocktails

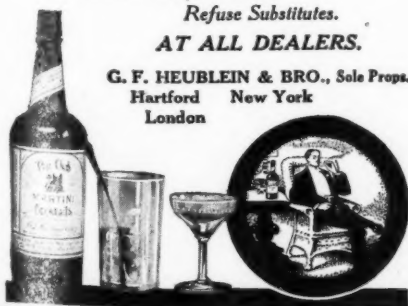
is due not alone to the precise blending of the choicest liquors obtainable, but to the fact that they are softened to mellowness by aging before bottling.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes.

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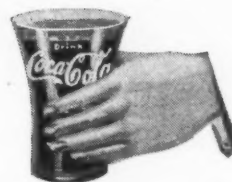
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Hartford New York
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To every question of fatigue or thirst—
to every palate call for deliciousness is
always found in

Coca-Cola



When your thirst begs you for a
really satisfying drink—when
heat or fatigue urge delicious re-
freshment, answer them with the
beverage that's

**Delicious—Refreshing
Thirst-Quenching**

Demand the Genuine as made by
THE COCA-COLA CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

Free Our new booklet, telling
of Coca-Cola's vindication
at Chattanooga, for the asking

Whenever you see
an Arrow think of
Coca-Cola.

father once reproved him for leaving nothing to the activities of Providence. At that time John Morley was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and Stead was his assistant. A blue book on Egypt had just appeared and Stead was anxious to ride through a wet, dark night in order to carry the publication to his chief. "Do you think," said his father, "that the history of Egypt will be altered if you see Mr. Morley to-night instead of to-morrow morning?" "It might," replied Stead. "William," answered the older man, "I sometimes wish you would

remember that God has kept a share in the world's government for Himself. You really seem to think sometimes that He has left it all to you." Another story told of him concerns a meeting between Carnegie and Roosevelt. Carnegie said of Stead, "He's one of the best fellows in the world and one of the cleverest men, but argument with him is impossible, for he insists on doing all the talking." Three years later Stead visited Roosevelt and they discussed Carnegie. "I am willing to bet," said Stead, "that you didn't get a word in edgeways with Carnegie. I never can."—*Argonaut.*



Near-Sighted Fisherman: HUH, TALK ABOUT HARD LUCK. I'VE SAT HERE TWO HOURS AND NOT EVEN A NIBBLE!



Visit Yellowstone National Park

Season: June 15 to September 15

Geysers, cataracts, canyons, beasts, birds, fish—no place like it in the world. Go there this summer on way to Pacific Coast. Low Convention and Tourist Fares. Write quick for details. Enclose 6 cents for this beautiful book, easily worth \$1.00.

Special parties being organized. Join the one from your section. Write today.

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Be Sensible With That Corn

Don't pare it. That merely removes the top layers.

And that form of home surgery is dangerous. A slip of the blade means infection. And that means blood poison, sometimes.

A chemist has discovered a way to end corns. This discovery is embodied in our B & B wax—the heart of a Blue-jay plaster.

Apply this little plaster and the pain ends at once. Then this B & B wax gently loosens

the corn. In two days the whole corn, root and all, comes out.

No pain, no soreness. You completely forget the corn.

There is no other way to do this. That is why Blue-jay is the only treatment used by folks who know.

It has removed already fifty million corns. Let it deal with yours.



- A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
- B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
- C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
- D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

(160)

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

A Dovetailer of Sermons

The Rev. Dr. B—— was what is commonly termed "a popular preacher"; not, however, by drawing on his own stores, but by the knack which he possessed of appropriating the thoughts and language of other great divines, who had gone before him, to his own use, and, by a skilful splicing and dovetailing of passages so as to make a whole. Fortunately for him, those who composed his audience were not deeply skilled in pulpit lore, and with such he passed for a wonder of erudition. It happened, however, that the doctor was detected in his literary larcenies. One Sunday a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence before the old gentleman said, loud enough to be heard by those near him, "That's Sherlock." The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much further when his auditor broke out with, "That's Tillotson." The doctor bit his lips, and paused, but again went on. At a third exclamation of "That's Blair," the doctor lost all patience and, leaning over the pulpit, "Fellow," he cried, "if you do not hold your tongue you shall be turned out." Without altering a muscle the old cynic, looking the doctor full in the face, said, "That's his own."

LADY (to small boy who is fishing): I wonder what your father would say if he caught you fishing on Sunday?

Boy: I don't know. You'd better ask him. That's him a little farther up the stream.—Lippincott's.

How to Recall Troupe's Name

The manager of a theatrical company playing a "one-night stand" in Texas was talking to the hotel proprietor regarding the prospects for business and had been assured they were good.

Then he asked, "What was the last show you had here?"

The landlord thought for a moment, and turning to the clerk said:

"Say, Fred, what's the name on those trunks upstairs?"—Kansas City Star.

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—to delight and satisfy thirsty humanity—

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"Mum"

keeps the body sweet "from bath to bath" by gently neutralizing all odor of perspiration. Doesn't interfere with healthy action of the skin. Not perfumed.

25c at drug- and department-stores. If your dealer hasn't "Mum" send us his name and 25 cents and we'll send you a jar postpaid "MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

From Our Readers

(Concluded from page 1226.)

You say that the Jew is an individualist. I think he is, and always will be, an idealist. Look at Russia, where thousands of liberty-loving Jews fill the prisons—nay, even go to the scaffold. This explains in a great measure why the Czar's government persecutes and hounds these unfortunate people, realizing that they are the backbone of the revolution.

The Russian Jew may not be a pleasant object to look upon, but how about many of the Italian, Slavic and many other immigrants coming to our shores? All the great unwashed from southern Europe—are they a much sweeter lot?

You say the Jew is a parasite. A glance at our sweatshops should rather convince one that they are the most hard working and miserably paid lot that we have in our midst. Look at our deserted New England farms now being taken up and tilled by Russian Jews. The sons of our genuine Yankee farmers, finding the hard work distasteful are seeking therefore the easier life in the cities, and readily yielding themselves to the vicious allurements to be found there.

In Germany and France and, I might add, in Great Britain, when they have been accorded decent and humane treatment, have the Jews shown any lack of



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A pure white cream, manufactured in our own laboratories after an original formula.

Penetrates and softens the skin, cleansing the deepest pores. Leaves the skin in the pink of condition.

Practically every drug store in the United States sells Palmolive Soap and Palmolive Cream! Your druggist will recommend it.

Send the band from a cake of Palmolive Soap and we will send you a generous facsimile jar of Palmolive Cream, postpaid.



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It lasts longer. Lathers in the hardest water. Soothes baby's tender skin. In short, Palmolive has been rightly termed, "The PERFECT soap for those who care."

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We have shown in Palmolive how palm and olive oils should be *blended in a pure soap* that will at once *cleanse, nourish and protect* the skin. Thus Palmolive does for the skin what no other soap can do—what these oils by themselves cannot do.

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Palmolive contains no free alkali. So the natural oils of the skin are protected.

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In Palmolive you have a soap that gives a smooth, free lather in *both* hard and soft water.

Palmolive remains firm even when worn down to wafer thinness.

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Because of its low cost as compared with its high quality, Palmolive is pleasingly economical. You have many times paid MORE for soap utterly lacking these delightful qualities.

Why not send two 2-cent stamps for sample and free booklet, "The Easy Way to Beauty," NOW?

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP COMPANY
484 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.



(211)

Price 15c.

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Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
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- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.

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Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

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Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

patriotism? Is it not a well-known fact that the proportion of Jews offering their services to the Government during the Civil War in this country was as great as that of other races? The Jew, it is true, does not often intermarry. Catholics are even more clannish. The latter are notoriously inimical to our public school system, showing thereby a very un-American spirit. Where is your criticism there? In Germany anti-Semitism is practically dead. The German working class realize that, as Bebel has truly

said, "Anti-Semitism is the socialism of the ignorant."

Respectfully,

"A GERMAN SOCIALIST."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.


March 27, 1912.

Often Mistaken

The average politician thinks all the workingman needs is a speech once in a while on the dignity of labor.

—Washington Herald.

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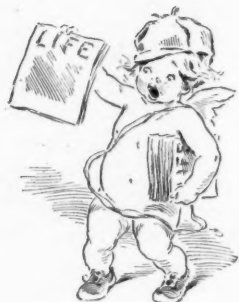
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A RURAL TRAGEDY
THE STRUGGLE FOR THE POTATO VINE

Mutiny In Our Navy!

Spurred on by their success in introducing compulsory anti-typhoid vaccination in the army, and also into such municipal communities where they have been able to assume preponderating power, the doctors are seeking to impose their mad and dangerous theories upon the navy, and there at last they have met with just opposition and mutiny.

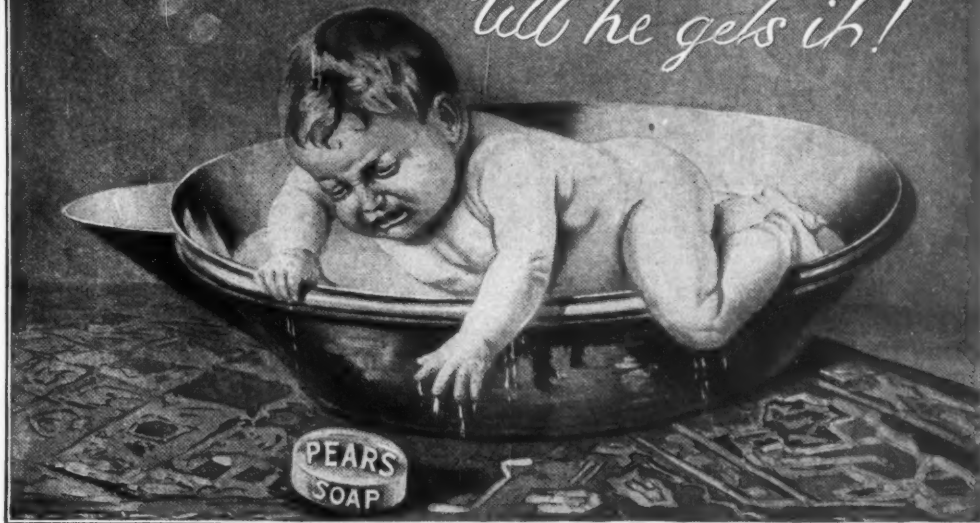
Mutiny in the American navy! That carries a strange sound in a country, the citizens of which are proud of their seamen and sailors, who have shown their bravery and loyalty to their land so often in recent years. And yet we read in the daily papers of an insurrection of American sailors aboard an American battleship; a mutiny, which was participated in, either actively or passively, by the crews of a fleet of American vessels. And the story says: "All of the mutineers were put in irons and forced to submit to the needles of the surgeons."

It was not one of the mutinies of olden times, a protest against brutal discipline or bad food. No, it was quite a modern rebellion—a revolt against the Needles of the Surgeons.

What does the American public think of this treatment of the country's defenders? Is any limit to be set to the despotism of the doctors? Who can doubt, after this, the secret determination of the Medical Trust to impose its cruel and senseless will upon the entire people, when it has already obtained the Federal sanction for seizing upon the bodies of soldiers and sailors, men in the Government's employ, who, when they resist against the injection of virulent animal serums into their systems,

Who will be the next President ?

He won't be happy till he gets it!



All rights secured.

are adjudged guilty of mutiny and punished by Federal law?

Should a National Bureau of Health be organized, possessing plenary powers over the bodies of the American people, private citizens would undeniably be punished, as are the soldiers and sailors, if they refused to submit themselves and their children to similar treatment. Should such a crime be permitted, the inhabitants of this country would be physically corrupted and the race would perish inevitably.—*The Open Door.*

The Runaway

The rector was sitting in his study hard at work on the following Sunday's sermon, when a visitor was announced.

She was a hard, muscular-looking woman, and when the minister set a chair for her she opened fire somewhat brusquely:

"You are Mr. Jenkins, ain't you?"

"I am," replied the good man.

"Well, maybe you'll remember o' mar-ryin' a couple of strangers at your church a month ago?"

"What were the names?" asked the clergyman.

"Peter Simpson and Eliza Brown," replied the woman, "and I'm Eliza."

"Are you, indeed?" said the minister. "I thought I remembered seeing your face before, but—"

"Yes," interrupted the visitor. "I'm her, all right, an' I thought as how I ought to drop in an' tell you that Peter's escaped."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*



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Lecturer and Writer
on Travel Topics

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ARTISTICALLY engraved in gold at the price of plain initials. 100 fragrant smokes of smooth blend, selected, mild, Turkish tobacco, rolled to suit your special fancy. Tips of gold, silver, cork, straw or plain. Enclose \$2 bill in letter, print initials plainly, select style by number and see how pleased you will be with them. Or, send 10c in stamps for 5 sample cigarettes. Write today. This offer limited.

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Protects Tires from Water, Oil and Light

Tires, in service, quickly become a mass of cuts through which moisture enters, causing the inner fabric to rot. Tirenew will flow into these cuts, **waterproof** the exposed fabric, **prevent decay**, and increase the life of the tires.

Tirenew will also give the whole car a well-groomed appearance.

Insist upon getting Tirenew. Avoid imitations that contain injurious ingredients. Tirenew has received the endorsement of automobile tire manufacturers.

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If your dealer cannot supply you with Tirenew—send \$1.00 and his name and we will send you a trial can of Tirenew (enough for 12 tires) prepaid or through your dealer. Canadian orders \$1.25. Our booklet, "Tire Care," sent FREE to motorists upon application.

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FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

Rhymed Reviews

The Guests of Hercules

(By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The summer books arrive in tons,
But here's a Marvel,—let's review it!—
A novel by the Williamsons
Without an auto humming through it.

Miss Mary Grant, a simple maid,
More lovely than Clarissa Harlowe,
Forsook a convent's cloistered shade
To go direct to Monte Carlo.

A gambler born, she played roulette,
This girl who hadn't learned back-
gammon.
And what she won on every bet
Surpassed the wildest dreams of
Mammon.

A Roman Princelet saw her there;
His name was Vanno Della Robbia;
A luckless youthful love affair
Had left him touched with girlophobia.

And while her eyes enthralled his own,
Still, Mary's ways looked so improper
(She hadn't any chaperone!)
That Vanno guessed he'd have to drop
her.

But now a most discerning priest
Who wished to see Prince Vanno
mated,
Pronouncing Mary not the least
Depraved, just unsophisticated,

Arranged a little rendez-vous.
The lovers met; with great elation
To one another's arms they flew,—
Which ought to end this glad narra-
tion.

However, that would be too tame
And wouldn't fill six hundred pages;
So Mary bore Another's blame—
A trick that always gives me rages.

Bue He was true, our Princelet brave;
With faith undimmed by slurs men-
dacious
He claimed her, just in time to save
Her life from Poisoners, by gracious!

Then, bound across the azure seas
Through soft Saharan sands to ramble,
They left the Rock of Hercules,
Where *tout le monde* convenes to
gamble.

Arthur Guiterman.

A Hit for the Doctor

A querulous invalid was telling his physician that he, though at an advanced time of life, did not know how to manage himself. "You know, my friend," says the doctor, "that a man of forty is himself either a fool or a physician." The invalid surveyed the son of Galen, who was of that age himself, and shrewdly replied, "Pray, Doctor, may not a man be both?"



ARMS AND THE MAN

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HERS—"THAT'S ALL"

Facsimile in color, mounted for framing, 12 x 16.

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When Ambassadors of Business Meet,

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Call for Carstairs Rye at your club—proffer it in your home.

If your dealer should not happen to have it we'll send it to you through him at usual prices. Write

Stewart Distilling Co.
Phila. New York Balto.

The Numbered Label
Shows Our Bottling

Fie on You, W. Shakespeare!

(Continued from page 1224)

du Champ. We find mention of the recreation of bowling, of paper, of rushes strowed in apartments, of a striking-clock, of cherubim and a chapel as a burial-place. Cymbeline is made to knight Bellario and his sons on the field of battle by dubbing them, according to the fashion of the middle ages.

Julius Caesar

Cassius speaks of a masker and recorder and of the clock striking three.

Merchant of Venice

There is an evident impropriety in the allusion to the "Lord's Prayer" in Portia's address to the Jew in the fourth act of this play; it would rather have an irritating than a lenitive effect.

Pericles

The story, though altogether fabulous, belongs to a period a little antecedent to the Christian era, and, therefore, it is a manifest inconsistency to introduce crowns of the sun, sequins, a pistol, cambric, a Spanish ruff, signs on inns. Monsieur Veroles, a French knight, and a Spanish name and motto. Amidst numerous invocations to heathen gods, there is an immediate allusion to the unity of the Deity.

King Lear

Here we have a plentiful crop of blunders. Kent talks, like a good Protestant, of *eating no fish*; and Gloster of not standing in need of spectacles. We have Turks, Bedlam beggars, Childe Roland, Saint Withold, a Marshal of France, steeples, dollars, paper, holy water, and the French disease. There is an allusion to the old theatrical moralities; and Nero, who did not live until several hundred years after Lear, is mentioned by Edgar as an angler in the lake of darkness.

Hamlet

The Danish history has placed Hamlet in fabulous times, long before the introduction of Christianity into the North of Europe; and therefore there is great impropriety in the frequent allusion to Christian customs. Hamlet swears by Saint Patrick, and converses with Guildenstern on the children of the chapel of Saint Paul's. In several places cannon are introduced, and a good deal of the theatrical manners of Shakespeare's own time. We have a Danish seal-royal long before seals were used; a university at Wittenberg; Swiss guards, sergeants or bailiffs, bells, ducats, crown pieces, modern heraldry, rapiers, and terms of modern fencing.

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Style A shown in illustration. Style B does not go around leg. Style A or B in silk 75c. Lisle 50c. Style C (with one clasp for sock) 25c.

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Heavy Car Type

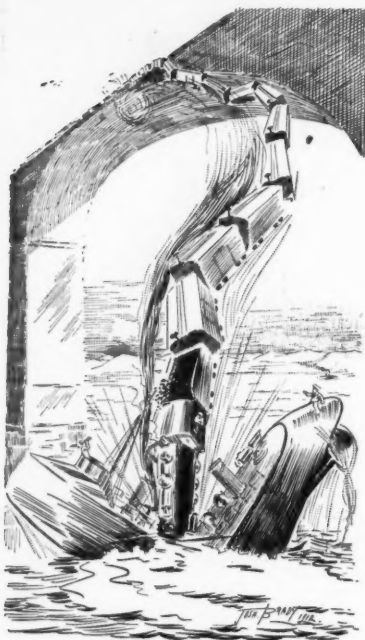
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"Universal" Safety Razor

a revelation to those who have heretofore used the ordinary type. The diagonal draw cut—the only correct principle—and a self-adjusting guard, insure perfect safety and a uniformly smooth shave—always.

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a scraping razor.
Ask him why.

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Books Received

Her Word of Honor, by Edith Macvane. (Little, Brown Co. \$1.25.)

The Charioteers, by Mary Tappan Wright. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.30.)

Socialism and the Great State, by H. G. Wells and others. (Harper & Bros. \$2.00.)

Harper's Boating Book for Boys, by Chas. G. Davis. (Harper & Bros. \$1.75.)

A Son of the Sun, by Jack London. (Doubleday Page Co. \$1.20.)

The Just and the Unjust, by Vaughan Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25.)

Sharrow, by Bettina Von Hutten. (Appleton's. \$1.30.)

From the South of France, by Thos. A. Janvier. (Harper & Bros. \$1.20.)

The Street Called Straight, by the author of *Inner Shrine*. (Harper & Bros. \$1.35.)

False Modesty, by Dr. E. B. Lowry. (Forbes & Co., Chicago. 50 cents.)

Cheap Turkey, by Ward Macauley. (Duffield & Co. 50 cents.)

The Great Taxicab Robbery, by James H. Collins. (John Lane Co. 50 cents.)

His Worldly Goods, by Margaretta Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25.)

The Fun of Getting Thin, by Samuel G. Blythe. (Forbes & Co. 35 cents.)

Cutting It Out, by Samuel G. Blythe. (Forbes & Co. 35 cents.)

Baseballogy, by Edmund Vance Cooke. (Forbes & Co. 50 cents.)

Convictions of a Grandfather, by Robert Grant. (Chas. Scribner's. \$1.25.)

The Judgments of the Sea, by Paine. (Sturgis, Walton & Co. \$1.20.)

Play-Making, by William Archer. (Small, Maynard Co. \$2.00.)

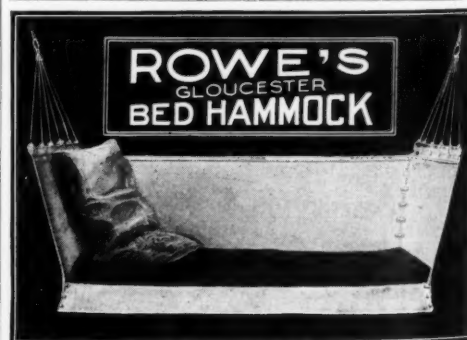
The Lighted Way, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Little, Brown Co. \$1.25.)

A Difference

GIBBS: And so your wife gets along on comparatively little, does she?

DIBBS: Yes—that is, on little compared with what she thinks she ought to have.—*Boston Transcript*.

PHILIP canceled the appointment of a judge in the case of a friend of Antipater's who used to dye his beard. "A man who cannot be trusted in his hair," he said, "cannot be trusted in business."



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THE SURBRUG COMPANY,

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I'M BUSY SHOEING.

She: OH, ARE YOU SHOOING HORSES OR FLIES?

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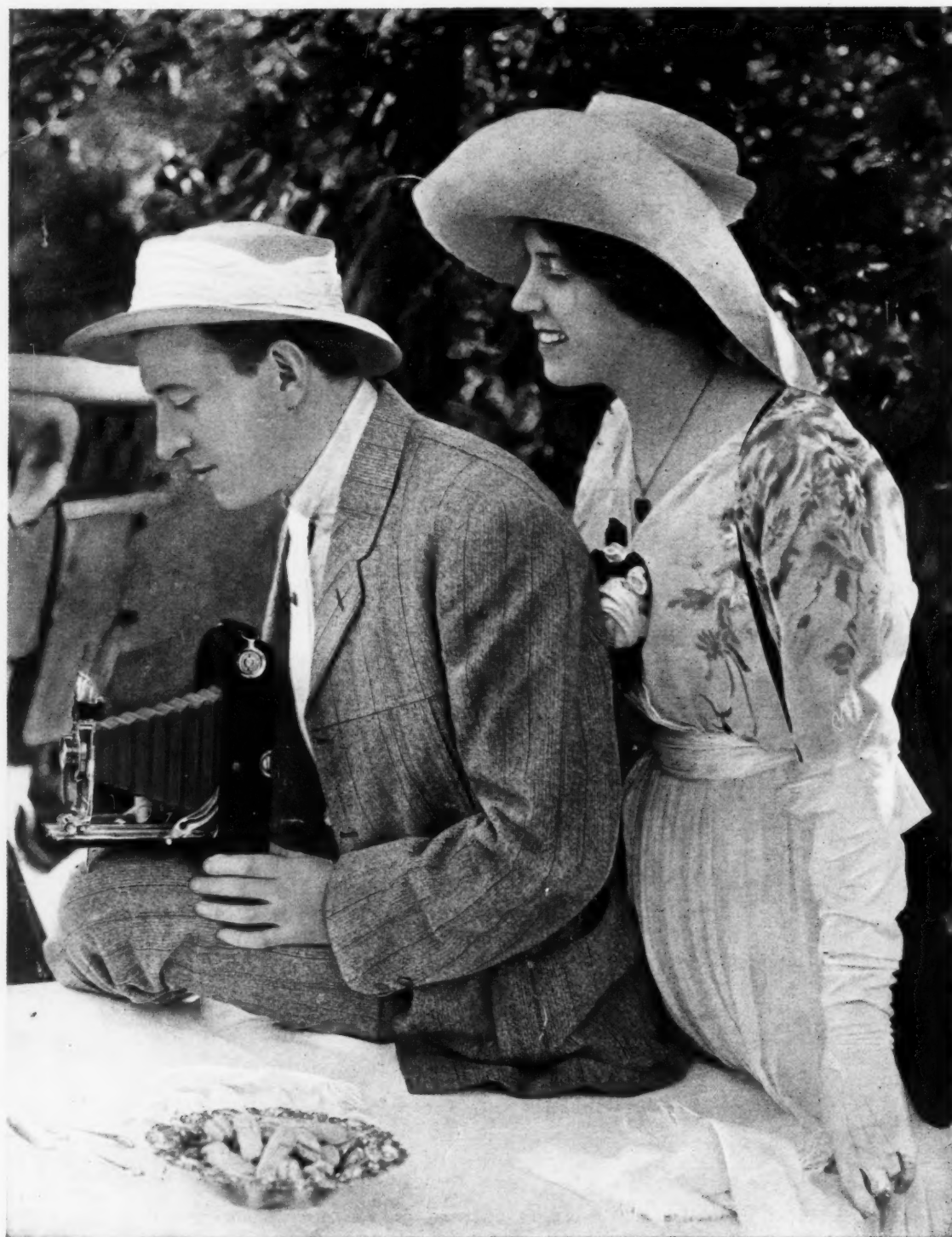
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